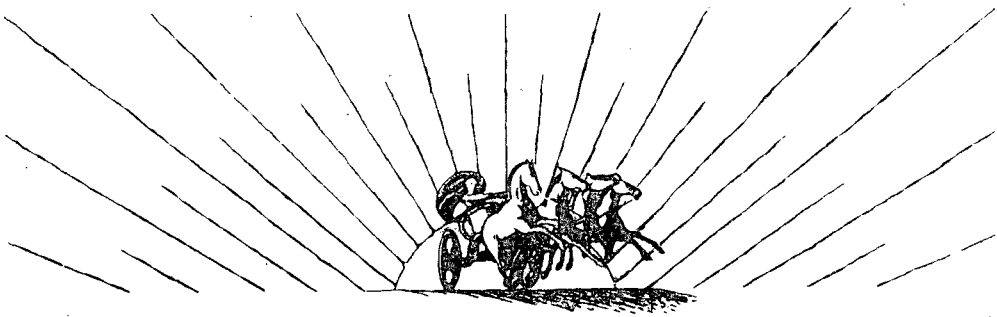

THE LIVING AGE

[MIDMONTH NUMBER]

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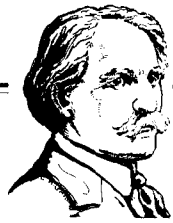
A New Book by  **Hamlin Garland**

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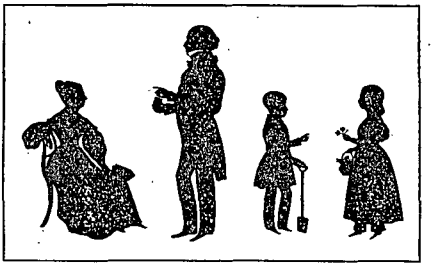
COLLECTOR'S LUCK IN ENGLAND

By Alice Van Leer Carrick



HOW does Mrs. Carrick manage always to be so enthusiastic? Ah, yes, the answer is easy. She has a hobby. Fortunately for her, it is a useful, dividend-producing hobby which converts the money lavished upon it into a profitable investment in book material.

Indeed, Mrs. Carrick has a beguiling way of talking about "next-to-nothing" antiques and wonderful bargains dug out of "pokey shops" that almost tempts readers to think that they could go collecting with no more than a pocketful of change. Whether profitable or extravagant, Mrs. Carrick's collecting must pay for itself a hundred times over in pleasure.

This time the collecting has been done in England. All European countries have been wonderful hunting grounds for amateur collectors, and much more so for dealers, since the war. Auctions are pathetically numerous, and one dealer declared that the antique business was about spoiled now, so many professional men were going into it privately.

Mrs. Carrick took with her to England a collector's zest and knowledge, a modest amount of money and her young daughter. She made good use of all four, even of young Alicia.

Chairs, tables, mirrors — these are the principal articles of furniture that Mrs. Carrick cared to bring away from England. Glass and valentines and silhouettes are her dear loves among the smaller antiques. But card cases are something new, "so early Victorian, so guilelessly pretty, so eloquent of our fastidious grandmothers" — and so good an investment, for they are just at the beginning of being a collecting vogue, and Mrs. Carrick forecasts that in two or three years their value will be multiplied by five.

Altogether she bought 17 card cases while she was in England and she plans to display the collection against a background of black velvet, just as her pressed glass cup plates are now arranged in her home at Hanover, N. H.

It is not cup plates, however, but silhouettes that come first to us when we think of Mrs. Carrick's house. They were the first objects she showed us when we ventured to call one summer at "The Next-To-Nothing House," as she has named the cottage where Daniel Webster roomed when he was a student at Dartmouth. And silhouettes again were the last thing she spoke of before we left. They are her dearest love.

Her silhouette luck was good in England and she never writes more enchantingly than when she discourses on such finds.

Whether one is out for silhouettes or for one of a hundred other objects of collector's ardor, England sounds like a treasure mine where precious things can be had, as Mrs. Carrick phrases it, for a few notes of a song.

It is not merely as a collector that Mrs. Carrick goes traveling. Not the object but the background and the associations interest her most. Her enthusiasm extends to houses and old churches, to benign countrysides and friendly folk. "Two years ago," she writes, "when I was in Paris, I felt that pebbles tossed casually into the air would hit history; here (in England) I make no such effort; I have but to reach out my hand."

Her antiques are just that much tangible history. That is one, and perhaps the greatest, reason why what she writes interests others than collectors. Another is that she writes informally, and always out of a well-stocked and eager thought. — From a review in *The Christian Science Monitor.*

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The Guide Post

The name of Professor Cassel is familiar to many of our readers. He is not only the leading economist of Sweden, but also one of the foremost authorities in all Europe on financial matters, and his books have appeared in this country as well as in England. This pronouncement on the world's gold supply has commanded the attention and respect of big bankers on the other side of the water.

❦ ❦ ❦

In devoting two successive front-page leaders to the Vilno question *Kölnische Zeitung* showed that it considered the matter a very important one, and it has given as complete a statement of the case as one could wish. Though only a rash prophet would declare that Vilno will be the cause of a new European war, it is clear that the ancient Lithuanian capital is one of the sorest spots in Europe.

❦ ❦ ❦

All the talk that has been going on about France giving up Syria as a bad job accounts for Marcel Ray's rosy picture of the present state of the mandate. Lord Thomson was Air Minister in Ramsay MacDonald's Cabinet, and during the Imperial Conference he wrote for three successive numbers of the *Observer* the group of articles we are reprinting here. An important man writing on a subject close to his heart is always worth reading.

❦ ❦ ❦

It is almost certain that our gayer readers have visited several of the places M. de Beauplan mentions. If not, his article can be kept on ice until the next visit to the intellectual capital of the world. Since chess was originally an Arabic game, a Spaniard should have a real feeling for it. At all events, Mr. Lafora has written an article that appeals as much to the ignoramus as to the expert.

❦ ❦ ❦

Sven Hedin is the great Swedish explorer who has roamed the length and breadth of Central Asia. His autobiography, *My Life As an Explorer*, appeared in the States last fall. Karin Michaelis is the leading woman story-writer of Denmark, and her work frequently appears in German-language papers too.

❦ ❦ ❦

Three of Franz Werfel's plays have been produced in New York within a twelvemonth, and his novel about Verdi was published by Simon and Schuster a year ago. Here we have this brilliant young Austrian writing on his favorite subject again. The *Revue de l'Amérique Latine* is one of the means by which France tries to keep in touch with Latin America, where she feels she occupies the position of unofficial spiritual and cultural guide to her little Latin brothers.

❦ ❦ ❦

What our readers do not know about Abyssinia by this time can hardly be worth knowing. In this number Jean d'Esme's tour comes at last to an end, and if all who have followed him from start to finish do not feel as if they had made the trip themselves we are sorry for their lack of imagination. Dr. Robert Bleichsteiner gives us the German scholar's view of jungle life. He is a university instructor, and what M. d'Esme doesn't know about Africa the Herr Doktor does.

❦ ❦ ❦

In Frédéric Lefèvre's interview with André Maurois which we published last July, the name — or rather pseudonym — Alain was frequently mentioned. This newly discovered critic has just had a number of his works republished, and he is attracting the attention of the Parisian bluestockings. We frankly doubt whether this man's writings could ever win much success or esteem in the States, but it is well worth finding out what kind of criticism the highest brows in France go in for.

❦ ❦ ❦

Stéphane Lauzanne's Armistice Day interview with Foch so rocked our sister republic that portions were cabled over to us. This, however, is the first full version of what was written and said on that memorable occasion. There are very few things that Viennese Liberals enjoy more than unfavorable reports of Mussolini. They get a good view of what is going on from their many correspondents stationed in that part of the world.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 331 — *DECEMBER 15, 1926* — NO. 4296

AROUND THE WORLD

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE irritated our foreign friends — rather lukewarm they are at best — by his Armistice Day speech. British comment, to be sure, was moderate, partly because England has fewer illusions about America than has the Continent. The *Observer* characterized the speech as 'not an encouraging address for European ears.' The *Daily Chronicle* commented that 'the sooner these business matters [the debts] can be settled up, and the talk dropped, the sooner will mutual respect between nations be restored.' The *Evening Standard* protested that 'the peace was very largely an American peace; it was on American inspiration that the European Powers were tied up, if we may be allowed the figure, like a bag of snakes,' and that, having placed her neighbors in that predicament, our Government refused to play its scheduled part of 'snake-charmer-in-chief.' Consequently 'it is, perhaps, asking too much of human nature to expect Europeans to listen with complete patience to lectures, however justified by the unfortunate facts, on their lack of goodwill to each other and their want of gratitude to the "most favored nation."' The *Daily News* consoled itself with the reflection: 'The future of Europe is, after all, in the hands of European statesmen; and there are happily signs that her statesmen are at last applying themselves diligently to the task of economic rehabilitation.' The *Outlook* complained that the President, in his public addresses, 'never seems to get away from a certain querulous pedantry of thought and expression,' and the *Saturday Review* declared that his speech 'illustrates the falsity of the old idea that a common language forms a strong bond between two peoples.' The *New Statesman* attributed the President's hedging on the World Court to the fact that his 'concern for the Court was nothing more than a legacy from his predecessor, and the elections made him realize that in compelling reluctant Republican senators to vote for the Court he had committed a serious tactical mistake.' The *Spectator*, the most consistently friendly to our country of any of the great British weeklies, thought it paradoxical that 'the country which in fact created

President Coolidge and Europe

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the Court alone among the Great Powers refuses to have anything to do with it,' but it stressed the President's opinion that in any future war the conscription of both men and wealth ought instantly to be applied to the whole nation. 'That would certainly be a very drastic safeguard against both irresponsibility and profiteering.' The *Nation and Athenæum* thus summarized the situation: 'The majority of the Republicans want the United States to keep out of the Court; the Senate resents the use by the President of his personal authority to secure its vote; the mass of the electorate is indifferent or hostile. The chapter is closed.'

Turning to France, *Le Temps* was typical of more restrained opinion when it 'confessed' that 'Mr. Coolidge's address is not calculated to dissipate present misunderstandings,' and accused the President, 'when he speaks of the sanctity of international obligations, of understanding by that word only financial obligations.' Pertinax, of *L'Écho de Paris*, who is conscious of no strong affinity with America, was most impressed by 'the spirit of pride and arrogance' that characterized the President's words — '*our* prosperity, *our* wealth, *our* commerce.' He then proceeded to describe us as follows: 'We are dealing with an overgrown boy, in the midst of his adolescence, utterly ignorant of our complications and preoccupations, parochial, alternately generous, capricious, brutal, and obstinate, and yet easily diverted from his purposes. It would be exceedingly unwise to make him an enemy, but it would be equally unwise to expect assistance from him which he cannot give us, and to pay an excessive price in advance for it.'

The gradual collapse of the British coal strike in face of insuperable economic obstacles to its success has been partly counterbalanced by a surprising, and partly unanticipated, growth of the Labor vote at the last local elections. Altogether that Party gained two hundred seats in the borough councils at the expense of Conservatives, Liberals, and Independents. The *Saturday Review*, which supports Mr. Baldwin, confesses that the results 'provide Conservatives with matter for very serious thought,' although it ascribes the Labor victories to better organization rather than to the intellectual convictions of the voters. To be sure, Labor has not captured the country. November's polling had no direct effect upon the Conservative control of Parliament, and despite their recent gains the Laborists are still in a minority in most of the town councils of the United Kingdom. According to the *New Statesman*, the current of public opinion is setting against the present Government from two directions. The working classes are intensely embittered by the failure of the coal strike and by questions affecting labor and the trade-unions arising out of that controversy. They are reënforced by a considerable section of the middle class, who believe that the Conservatives have been wrong in their tactics and mistaken in their policies throughout the present industrial crisis. This anti-Government weekly believes that if Mr. Baldwin were to go to the country to-day his followers would have difficulty in retaining one half of the seats in Parliament they hold at present. The existing Government, notwithstanding its huge majority in the House of Commons, represents a minority of the electors, or considerably less than eight million votes as compared with eight and one-half million cast for its opponents. Naturally the Liberal press saw quite as much significance in the returns as did the Labor newspapers, although the Liberals

Labor's Ups and Downs

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themselves lost almost as heavily as the Conservatives at the polls. The *Daily News* emphasized the rapidity with which 'Labor is gaining an effective grip on local administration in the chief centres of population, and therefore in those places where policy matters most and where both the example and the pace are set for the rest of the country. The effect in the course of the next year or two may be startling.' Meanwhile the Labor *Daily Herald* jubilantly proclaimed: 'Toryism and that senile invalid, the Liberal Party . . . can now prepare for such a defeat in the industrial areas of this country as never before.'

Three measures mooted in Conservative ranks contributed to the electoral results — the reform of the House of Lords, amendments to the Trades-Union Law, and a revision of the Poor Law. The reform of the House of Lords is a constitutional question with far-reaching implications, to which we have previously referred in these columns. The measures suggested look to selecting the members of that body on some new basis, so as to make it more truly representative of the people, and at the same time to give it additional powers, possibly analogous to those of the American Senate. Such reforms might not be unwelcome in principle to Labor, but one Conservative argument in favor of them has been that they would prevent a Labor Government from pushing through nationalization measures. The amendments advocated to the laws regulating trade-unions are designed to prevent their vesting the right to call a strike in their executives, or in small governing committees, as they did last summer, and to curtail their right to levy Labor Party assessments upon their members. It is proposed to modify the Poor Law, which has been used during the coal strike to tax the community for the support of the idle miners, by transferring the authority to grant relief from local boards of guardians to the municipal or county councils, which, it is inferred, would be less subject to Labor pressure in granting allowances to the destitute and unemployed.

Empire or Commonwealth?

The adjournment of the Imperial Conference was the occasion for some sensational speculation as to the future of the great congeries of countries of which King George is the titular sovereign. In the first place, it should be borne in mind that this gathering of premiers was not a legislative body, far less a constitutional convention. To be sure, the constitution of the Empire is largely a state of mind, and formal and official expressions of that mind are pertinent political facts. They define in public thought the point reached in the spontaneous evolution of British political institutions. The King's new title neither adds to nor detracts from his existing authority. But the change in procedure by which the cabinets of the self-governing Dominions communicate with the Cabinet of Great Britain directly, instead of through a Governor-General, is of some juridical importance. In sum, the Conference records a new stage in the growing autonomy of the Dominions, but it has not, by its own act, added to their power of independent action.

During the Conference many opportunities occurred for an exchange of amicable professions among the delegates, and such amenities are not to be belittled. It fostered mutual understanding when President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State told the people of Manchester: 'Your country and mine, separated for centuries by a tragic series of events which have now happily come to an end (*cheers*), give an exam-

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ple of what can be achieved by free association between nations. My colleagues and myself have the most profound conviction that the relations between us will ripen into a bond of sincere and lasting friendship, and that the people of these two islands, placed by God so close together on the surface of the ocean, while differing by race and characteristics, will henceforth devote themselves rather to discovering grounds for common endeavor and common achievement than to seeking in the pages of history for memories of bitter things which must be buried forever. (*Cheers*)' Even the United States was drawn into this circle of good-will when Prime Minister Bruce of Australia, in an address to the English-speaking Union, referred to his country and America as follows: 'Our Constitution is based on hers, our development has traveled along similar lines, our problems are the same. America's traditional policy of non-intervention in European affairs is one which finds echo in our country. And we feel, too, that when America struck the blow for her own freedom at the end of the eighteenth century she struck a blow for all the British Dominions of to-day; her success has found expression in our full measure of empire citizenship. In order to ensure that friendship and good-will which is so desirable, it is essential that the people of the United States should understand what the British Empire as it is constituted to-day really is. There is a close parallel between the lines of development of the two peoples since 1783. Both were pioneering nations with an inherent instinct for progress and adventure. This spirit led the American people to the acquisition and development of the whole of the vast territory of the United States as it now exists. During an almost similar period of time the British people have overflowed from the cramped space of the motherland into the new-found territories overseas which to-day constitute the British Empire. The American people found their expression and development in one great continent; the British people found theirs in countries scattered to the four corners of the earth. America has become a federal unity by reason of its comparative compactness. Great Britain and her colonies, after passing through the various stages of their growth, have developed into a commonwealth of free and self-governing peoples, far scattered, but closely linked together in their common membership of the British Empire.'

A New Outburst in Italy

Italy's annual celebration of the March on Rome was marred by the latest attempt — at present writing — to assassinate Mussolini, and the violent reaction it produced in that country. The Fascisti raged not only against dissentient elements at home, but also against France, Europe's classic land of liberalism and democracy, upon whom advocates of arbitrary power naturally concentrate their hatred. Auguste Gauvain, editor of the *Journal des Débats*, who has a tender spot in his heart for the Fascist régime, attempts to extenuate the excesses of its supporters on the ground that they are the deeds of an unruly minority: 'In reality, the Fascist Government, although it seems to outsiders a stronghold of public order, is a prey of internal dissensions. Mussolini is the victim of his followers. It is probable that he took personal command of the Fascist Militia because he knew that it was being subjected to untoward influences. The dregs of the first years of Fascism have risen to the surface. Its troops conducted riotous demonstrations in the big cities on October 28 and subsequently. . . .

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It seems scarcely credible, but we know first-hand from people who have just returned from Italy that such bands marched through the streets shouting "Down with the Prefect! Down with Federzoni!" When the Fascist Minister of the Interior is thus insulted by people who pretend to be the props of the Government, it is not surprising that he should surrender his portfolio. Mussolinism has entered a stage of vertigo. Its Chief is torn this way and that, between his desire to develop an orderly government and the necessity of placating the revolutionary elements.' A *New Statesman* contributor is less generous to the *Duce*, whom he calls 'an Italian nightmare,' adding that 'his present actions suggest something almost akin to that egomaniac condition which commonly precedes the disease known as general paralysis of the insane.' Our readers may choose either of these interpretations, or any third that may occur to them, the one indisputable fact being that Italy is just now the powder barrel of Europe. Yet many intelligent witnesses doubt whether this state of superexcitation is as general among the Italian people as press dispatches suggest. Keen and experienced foreign observers who witnessed the recent demonstrations interpret them as forced and artificial, and as viewed with apathy, if not positive dislike, by the silent masses of the people.

A Good Name Dishonored

Europe's political sensation in November, however, was the series of disclosures that centred around the detention by the French police of Colonel Ricciotti Garibaldi, who features as the black sheep among the numerous grandsons of the Italian Liberator. The details of the plots with which he is alleged to have been connected have been abundantly aired in the press. In substance these allegations are that Colonel Garibaldi, who has resided in France for a considerable period as an ostensible enemy of the Fascisti and as a champion of the Italian liberalism for which his grandfather fought, was really one of Mussolini's provocative agents. He is said to have taken an active part in organizing plots against the *Duce*, which he betrayed so that the participants in Italy might be arrested and Mussolini's popularity incidentally strengthened by these attacks 'fomented abroad.' For these important services the doughty colonel apparently received liberal subsidies from the Treasury at Rome. He is also said to have been implicated in the romantic attempt of Colonel Macia, a Catalonian patriot, to start an insurrection south of the Pyrenees against Primo de Rivera's Government. Whether he interested himself in this adventure from mere love of intrigue, or at the instance of his Fascist employers, is still in doubt. Deeper purposes are said to lie behind this plotting — a desire on the part of Rome to create a grievance against France by making that country appear to be a base for political conspiracies against Mussolini, to discredit her generally as an asylum of freedom, and to involve her in difficulties with Spain. All this is very Machiavellian, of course, but, like most Machiavellian politics, it may turn against its instigators. Whether these conjectures are true or not, the outcome has been to help France and to harm Italy in the game of diplomatic poker being played around the Mediterranean. An incidental result, to the benefit of the present Government in France, is the dampening effect of these disclosures upon the ardor of the would-be Fascisti in the latter country; for Fascisti are superpatriots, and the superpatriots of Paris are not likely to be drawn toward their fellow doctrinaires south of

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the Alps by the recent revelations. In fact, France's ultra-Nationalists are at the moment fully occupied fighting each other. Last month the Georges Valois group invaded and tried to wreck the offices of *L'Action Française*, the organ of Léon Daudet and his faction, where they were repulsed and one of their members received a serious gunshot wound.

These incidents have aided M. Briand in his policy of a rapprochement with Germany. Nevertheless, neither M. Briand nor Herr Stresemann has perfectly smooth sailing in his effort to establish a dual entente in Northern Europe. Extreme nationalists in both countries are as rabid as ever; but they seem to be a vociferous minority. In France, Premier Poincaré appears to have strengthened his authority — but not his popularity among politicians — by the success of his financial measures; but rumors are still current that he is being intrigued against and betrayed within his own political household. His difficulty in keeping peace in the family was illustrated last month, when Louis Marin, his Conservative Minister of Pensions, delivered a tirade against his Radical Cabinet colleagues at a Party banquet. The speech produced an angry reaction in the Chamber, which Poincaré had some difficulty in allaying. France's distrust of Germany is kept alive by successive revelations of the sinister part *sub rosa* military organizations and secret societies have played in the political life of that country. To be sure, Germany's critics confound the sins of the past with the suspected delinquencies of the present, and most of the atrocities that have been proved against the Black Reichswehr date from three years ago, when feeling against France reached a climax during the Ruhr occupation. Nevertheless, this hangover from the war seriously hampers the honest efforts of the German Government to restore its relations with its neighbors to their normal channel.

Mr. Stresemann and Mr. Briand

Neither the French nor the German Cabinet has a united majority behind it. Each owes its survival to the prestige of individual statesmen rather than to party loyalty. But personal prestige is sometimes a strong and enduring prop for a ministry, and while Stresemann is by no means a Bismarck, nor Briand or Poincaré a Talleyrand, the people of Europe seem of late to be showing more confidence than they have hitherto in those of their leaders who have survived the vicissitudes of post-war politics. This is particularly true of Germany, where it was necessary to raise up a new generation of statesmen to take the place of those associated with the Imperial régime.

No striking development has marked the history of the present month in Central or Eastern Europe. The deposition of Zinoviev as head of the Third International was according to plan. Pilsudski's policies in Poland are still elusive — probably for himself as well as for others. Danzig and the Polish Corridor have silently slipped off the front page and given place to Vilno, which alarmists would make an apple of discord between Poland and Russia, as well as between Poland and Lithuania. However this may be, Polish officialdom refuses to be alarmed over the situation. When Russia and Lithuania concluded a treaty not long ago, the Polish press, after a brief flurry of resentment, quickly cooled down, and the Government at Warsaw seems to be giving the new situation created by this rapprochement between Russia and Lithuania a course of silent treatment.

The Garibaldi incident encompasses the most interesting features of the

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Mediterranean situation during the present month. Primo de Rivera plans to buttress his precarious régime with a substitute parliament to be called a 'National Assembly,' but the powers and the constitution of that body — and indeed the date of its eventual convocation — remain in doubt. Greece has held a general election which shows a slight preponderance of republican sentiment and marks a nominal return toward constitutional government.

Asia and the Levant

Moscow, playing upon Turkey's fear of Italian aggression,— with England as the archenemy in the background, — has apparently won Angora over to the idea of an Asiatic alliance in preference to joining the Geneva body. Their Foreign Ministers have held a conference at Odessa, where they are said to have reached an agreement satisfactory to their respective Governments, though differently interpreted by the two capitals. This caused some uneasiness in England, although the *Saturday Review*, which generally voices the Baldwin Ministry's attitude, declared that an Asiatic League 'would arouse no alarm in our breasts,' because 'an agreement for mutual defense' among the nations of that continent 'would annoy us only if we harbored aggressive intentions.' *Le Temps* considered the Odessa interview important enough for two successive leaders, and comforted itself with the conjecture that Chicherin was simply gathering diplomatic ammunition for his coming visit to Western Europe. According to the latest returns, the elections for the All-India Assembly and the provincial legislative councils have resulted in heavy losses for the Swarajists. The latter are handicapped by the record of two futile programmes — that of Gandhi, with his doctrine of Noncoöperation, in 1920, and that of C. R. Das, with his policy of entering the legislatures in order to wreck them, in 1923. As a result of these two failures, aggravated by Hindu-Moslem hatred and personal feuds among their leaders, a group of native factions opposed to the Swarajists has gathered sufficient strength to carry the polls at Delhi and other important centres. Nationalist — and so-called Communist — agitation, which has been rife in the Netherlands Indies since the World War, reached a climax in Java last month, when insurgent outbreaks occurred at several points in the western part of the island. Railway lines and telegraphs were destroyed in some places, and an attack was made on the prison at Batavia itself. For a brief time the insurgents held a telephone station in the business portion of the latter city. Several people were killed and wounded during the disorders, among the latter a native district chief and a number of policemen. *Haagsche Post* ridicules the idea that Communist doctrines can ever strike root among the Javanese masses. They are, it says, the fetish of 'the victims of a preposterous educational policy that busies itself blindly in the mass production of intellectuals' — which sounds like some criticisms which reach our ears from the Philippines.

China Grows Self-Assertive

China's Government may be as elusive as the proverbial flea; nevertheless it manages to make its presence felt. Peking has denounced its treaty with Belgium, thereby depriving citizens of that country of extraterritoriality rights in China; and Canton is levying import duties higher than the maximum authorized in China's agreement with the Great Powers. Speaking of the former action, the *Saturday Review* admits that 'there is a certain amount of hypocrisy' in the protests against the action of the Peking Government; 'Europeans can

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exist in China without extraterritorial rights, as the ex-Allied Powers themselves proved by withdrawing these privileges from ex-enemy States.' A more serious transgression, in the opinion of this journal, is the fact that the Chinese Government has refused to submit the controversy to the Permanent Court of International Justice, as she bound herself to do by signing the optional clause of its statute. Meanwhile the Cantonese forces are pressing steadily northward. Their appeal to patriotism and to race hatred has won them many adhesions from the forces of their tuchun opponents. In Japan the new Proletarian, or 'Laborers and Peasants,' Party has split, the principal Labor unions having withdrawn because the executive decided to open the Party's doors to four Communist bodies. Apparently a large section of organized labor in Japan, as well as in the United States, is hostile to Bolshevist doctrines.

Elections and Revolutions

Latin America's principal focus of interest for the United States has recently been in the countries immediately south of us. Our perennial conversations with Mexico have risen to a shriller key without apparently causing much perturbation in the press of that country. With regard to the charge that Mexico is fomenting Communist agitation in Nicaragua, *El Universal* says editorially: 'The people of America must have cognizance of the most clumsy farce conceived in many years — that is the charge that we are instruments of Russian Bolshevism and propagandists of Communism, with the pretension of establishing a sort of Soviet Union of Central-American Republics under the domination of Mexico.' It attributes this scare to trouble-making capitalists, declares that the Monroe Doctrine does not entitle the United States to intervene in Nicaragua any more than it does Mexico, and points out that Mexico is not prepared in a military, economic, or moral way to engage in a campaign of imperialist expansion. Before these pages reach our readers a presidential election will have occurred in Guatemala, which emerged from a long dictatorship a few years ago to enter upon a period of greater political freedom and less political stability. Nicaragua is still rent by the civil war that broke out soon after our marines withdrew from Managua, and that turbulent little republic offers the most hopeless example of the incapacity to govern itself exhibited by any Latin-American State. Brazil has inaugurated a new President, Dr. Washington Luiz Pereira de Souza, who has demonstrated his ability as an executive both as Mayor of the city of São Paulo and as Governor of the State of the same name. His accession to office has been marred by a revolutionary flare-up in the southern State of Rio Grande do Sul, where the embers of civil war have not been entirely quenched since the outbreak two years ago.

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THE SHORTAGE OF GOLD[1]

BY PROFESSOR GUSTAV CASSEL

THE problem of restoring a stable monetary system in the world after the upheavals of the war cannot be solved merely by a return to the gold standard. It is also necessary to secure stability of value for gold itself. This aspect of the problem assumed primary importance from the outset. During the war and the years immediately following, gold itself had fluctuated in value to such a degree that people were brought to realize that greater stability in the value of gold was an indispensable condition for enabling the world at large to establish anything like a satisfactory monetary system on a gold basis.

In the popular mind a superfluity of gold, with a consequent fall in the value of gold and a rise in the general level of prices, was the only contingency that needed to be taken into serious consideration. We recollect how apprehensions of this nature induced the Swedish powers of State, on Sweden's reversion to a gold standard, to take precautions to stop an undesirable influx of gold.

In England, where the currency at that time was still considerably below the gold parity, a fall in the value of gold was expected and was regarded as a favorable circumstance which would enable Great Britain to return to a gold standard without discomfort.

In opposition to such views, I have repeatedly contended that the real danger, at any rate in the long run, is an increasing *shortage* of gold and a consequent continuous fall in commodity prices, which would be disastrous for the economy of the world. It has now become manifest that it is necessary to pay serious attention to this danger.

The ultimate reason why we must reckon with an increasing shortage of gold is of quite a general nature, being connected with the tendency toward perpetual economic progress. If we could reckon with absolutely stable conditions, an annual accretion of new gold would not be necessary except so far as was required by the wearing of gold coin and other actual losses of gold. But, as the economic system of the world is perpetually developing, stability in the value of gold demands that the aggregate amount of gold in the world shall increase at the same pace. During the period 1850 to 1910 the aggregate amount of gold in the world increased on an average by 2.8 per cent a year, and it has been found that this increase was necessary in order to keep pace with the general economic progress of the world. This accretion, which entailed an increase in the total amount of gold in the world from ten milliard gold marks in 1850 to fifty-two milliard gold marks in 1910, did not result in any fall in the value of gold, as the general level of prices at the end of the period was quite the same as at the beginning of the period. Assuming that the world's economic

[1] From the *Economic Review* (British European-press summary), *October* 29. Reproduced from Quarterly Report issued by the Statistical Department of the Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolag.

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development, as measured by the increase in the requirement of gold, will proceed at the same pace also in the future, it will still be necessary, in order that the level of prices may remain unchanged, that the total amount of gold in the world shall increase by 2.8 per cent a year. As the actual loss of gold is 0.2 per cent a year, the annual output of gold must be brought up to 3 per cent of the total amount of gold at the beginning of each year. Now, as this amount of gold is continually growing, the future output is bound to become inadequate, assuming that it remains constant.

During the years immediately preceding the war the output of gold was abundant and amounted to considerably more than three per cent of the total quantity of gold. During the war, however, the output decreased and in 1922 had fallen to the minimum figure of 1338 million gold marks, which did not represent more than 1.92 per cent of the total amount of gold. The output subsequently increased, being 1630 million gold marks for 1924. But the total amount of gold at the beginning of that year was 72.5 milliard gold marks, and thus the output did not come up to more than 2.25 per cent of that total. The output of gold for 1925 was, absolutely speaking, somewhat larger, but in percentage of the total amount of gold at the beginning of the year it was practically the same as in 1924. At the end of 1925 the aggregate amount of gold was 75.5 milliard gold marks. Thus within a couple of years it will be more than half as much again as in 1910, so that the output of gold, to be sufficient, would have to be fifty per cent larger than that required in 1910. It is evident that for the immediate future we must reckon with an output of gold which is barely more than two per cent of the total existing amount of gold. When the total amount of gold, let us say in fifteen years, reaches one hundred milliard gold marks, normal progress will require an output of gold of three milliard gold marks a year. With the reserves now known we shall scarcely be able to cover more than half of that amount. Naturally there is always the possibility of new discoveries of gold. It is also conceivable that the rate of increase of the population and economic progress may slow down to such an extent that the present output of gold will suffice. But the economist's view of the problem must obviously be based on known conditions.

That the menacing shortage of gold did not attract general attention after the end of the war — the prevalent notion being, on the contrary, that we had a superfluity of gold — was due to the fact that the requirement of gold for monetary purposes in Europe had substantially decreased during the period of paper currency. During that period the bulk of the gold which was superfluous at the time found its way to the United States, which country was thus confronted with an abnormal abundance of gold. The consequence of this temporary superfluity of gold should have been the lowering of the purchasing value of the dollar. But the United States, since the process of deflation in 1920, has deliberately pursued the policy of not allowing the temporary superfluity of gold to exercise any influence on the level of prices. The gold has therefore either been stored in the vaults of the Federal Reserve banks, which have thus been enabled to show a very high percentage of gold cover, or else it has been put into circulation, chiefly in the form of gold certificates. By dint of these measures the United States has succeeded in keeping her price-level remarkably constant, and this has had the effect of keeping the value of gold correspondingly stable throughout the

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world. The gold reserves accumulated in the United States over and beyond normal requirements are, however, by no means so large as people in Europe are apt to believe. In the United States the view is gaining ground that the country itself will require the gold that has been collected, and that there will not be so very much to spare for the rest of the world. This cautiousness, however, sometimes seems to be rather overdone, as the United States for several years ahead will undoubtedly be able to draw on her superfluity of gold in order to make up any deficit in the really urgent requirements of gold in the rest of the world.

It is of the utmost importance, however, that the world in general should restrict its demands for gold as far as possible. A reduction of monetary requirements will obviously have to be considered in the first place. These can be curtailed very considerably, both by refraining from the actual circulation of gold coin and by getting the central banks to cut down their demands for gold cover. In the first-mentioned regard, England's return to a gold standard without reintroducing the circulation of gold coin is highly commendable, and the new British currency must be regarded as a model for the gold currencies of the future. It is most desirable that other countries should follow the example set by Great Britain in this respect, for the world positively cannot afford the luxury of the circulation of gold coin. As a means of limiting the gold requirements of the central banks, the Financial Conference at Genoa in 1922 recommended an international centralization of the gold reserves. Unfortunately we have not as yet gone very far in this direction, and at present, when the restoration of the gold standard in a number of countries is being contemplated, it is of the greatest importance that those countries should not make unnecessary demands on the gold reserves, but should content themselves with holdings in the two big gold centres of the world, New York and London. Much enlightenment is evidently still required before the nations can be induced to abandon their old superstitious belief in the importance of accumulating piles of gold in the vaults of the national bank. Reconstruction in general would be greatly facilitated if the necessity of concentrating gold in the two world centres were more widely understood.

Indian monetary policy is a factor of very special importance for the world supply of gold. Had India, as was contemplated, adopted a gold currency in the old style with gold coin in circulation, a new demand for gold would have been created, which would have increased the world shortage of gold in an alarming degree, and would practically have frustrated the policy which aims at restricting the requirements of gold. The risk was so much the greater as the creation of new big demands for gold would in all probability have intensified the eagerness of various countries to guard their accumulated gold reserves and, if possible, to increase them. From that point of view the recently terminated labors of the Indian Currency Commission have been of the very greatest interest. For my part, in submitting my evidence to the Commission, I strongly emphasized the importance, in the interest of the world in general and of India herself in particular, of obviating the creation of a quite unnecessary demand for gold. I also endeavored to make it clear that the Indian currency could very well be maintained at a stable parity with gold and thus in all respects do the same service as a gold standard in the traditional style, without having recourse to such an extremely revolutionary meas-

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ure as that of exchanging India's silver currency for a currency of gold in circulation. The Commission in essentials has adopted the same point of view, and the Indian Government has substantially accepted the Commission's recommendations. The Commission states that it has been 'convinced that it would be most imprudent not to take into account the possibility, indeed the probability, that unless great economy is exercised in the use of gold, both in regard to its use as a commodity and its use as money, we have to look forward to a prolonged period of steadily falling commodity prices throughout the world.' The Commission further points out that 'a large extra demand from India would cause increased competition for gold among the countries of the world and lead to a substantial fall in gold prices and a substantial curtailment of credit.' On the basis of authoritative information from the United States, the Commission comes to the conclusion that the surplus of free gold in that country is no larger than will be required for the reconstruction of the monetary system of other countries, as well as for the growing requirements of the United States herself, and thus that the said surplus will probably be absorbed in a comparatively short space of time. The essence of the Commission's proposal is that the ordinary medium of circulation in India should remain as at present, the currency note and the silver rupee, and that the stability of the currency in terms of gold should be secured by making the currency directly convertible into gold for all purposes, but that gold should not circulate as money. The Commission proposes that the projected Indian central bank shall be placed under obligation to buy and sell gold in bullion, in quantities of not less than four hundred ounces of fine gold, and the Commission rightly points out that this 'gold-bullion standard' is a real gold standard. The silver rupee is still to retain its character of unrestricted legal tender.

It may thus be hoped that the danger for the gold supply of the world which was involved in the endeavors to create a gold circulation for India has been averted, at any rate for a long time to come. It may also be hoped that the consciousness of this fact will exercise a tranquillizing influence on those countries which possess unnecessary gold reserves, and that those reserves will be more readily placed at the disposal of the world now that there is no impending danger of a sudden accentuation of the shortage of gold. We must, however, realize that the interests of the gold producers require an extended use of gold and a higher value of gold, and that the South African gold mine companies in particular will make every possible effort to further their interests. It is therefore important to follow the situation with unremitting attention and to support the endeavors which are being made, in the real interest of the world, to maintain the value of gold at its present level, and thus to avoid the endless economic depression which would be entailed by a steady fall of commodity prices for a prolonged period.

It is of interest to follow the movement of prices in the gold countries in order to observe how far a distinct tendency toward a change in the value of gold in one direction or the other is being manifested. In those quarters where a rise in the value of gold is hoped for people are trying to make out that the price-level in general is taking a downward trend, and that this is a sign of an increasing shortage of gold.

If we merely compare the present year with the year immediately preceding, the existence of such a tendency

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is undeniable. But such a comparison does not carry us very far. It is necessary to take into account the entire movement of prices from the time immediately succeeding the great period of deflation. In the United States the annual price indices published by the Bureau of Labor for the years 1922 to 1925 averaged 149, 154, 150, 159, with a mean of 153. During the present year the index number has fallen to 149 for August. Whether this fall of prices signifies anything more than a reaction from a small boom it is too early to decide. We are still justified in hoping that the United States will succeed in maintaining on the whole the price-level which has subsisted during the last few years. With a judicious use of gold reserves which hitherto have practically been left untouched, it should be possible for a fairly long time ahead to maintain with perfect security a price-level of say about 150. After that time we must place our trust in the belief that a gradual curtailment of the gold requirements of the world for monetary purposes may be able to set off the increasing shortage of gold. This will be for the next twenty or thirty years the great problem for the monetary policy of the civilized world.

A VISIT TO FOCH[1]

AN ARMISTICE DAY INTERVIEW

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

[THE interview that follows evoked lively protest in Great Britain and Belgium, and Marshal Foch is reported to have withdrawn his statement to the effect that the British and Belgian commanders desired to retreat from the Yser in November 1914. None the less, the article remains an interesting historical document.]

A FEW days ago I visited the modest group of buildings that mount guard around the Palais des Invalides. Passing through a quiet little courtyard, I came to a low, unpretentious barracks. On the narrow door was an old, weathered sign bearing this half-obliterated inscription: *Comité militaire allié. État-major du maréchal Foch.* Ascending a chilly, gloomy stairway, I found myself in a poorly lighted reception room with two artillery officers, and after a brief delay was conducted to a plainly furnished office, where a gentleman in civilian clothes was seated behind an ordinary government desk. I was in the presence of the conqueror of Germany, face to face with Marshal Foch.

Why was I there? Because, in thumbing over the calendar, I had noticed that Armistice Day was at hand. November is the month of Foch — or rather, the eleventh of November is a Foch anniversary. Eight years ago, in a little clearing in the Compiègne Forest at Rethondes, Foch received in his railway carriage the tired, gloomy, vanquished representatives of Ger-

[1] From *Le Matin* (Paris boulevard daily), *November* 11

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many, who arrived with the message: 'We have come to ask you for an armistice.' At eleven o'clock that morning he transmitted the signed armistice agreement to the Premier of France, with the remark: 'I 've finished my job. It is now for the Government to do its duty.'

Foch has not changed. His clear-cut features reveal their old-time life and vigor. He still speaks jerkily with his clear, metallic voice, and sprinkles his conversation with *Attendez! Attendez!* and other familiar expressions. Above all, his marvelous memory is as perfect as ever; he recalls instantly every name, incident, and date to which he has occasion to refer.

I asked the Marshal if he had an anniversary message to address to the millions of men who fought under his orders and who are now dispersed to all quarters of the globe. He answered: '*Attendez! Attendez!* My message will be brief: Stick together and trust each other. But I have no fears on that score. Our war veterans will always trust each other, because they understand each other. That is what I said to Pershing when he came to Brittany to tell me of the visit of the American Legionaries next year.

'"Provided," he remarked, "there are n't any incidents."

'"No fear," I answered; "there won't be any incidents among our war veterans."

'"But there will be thirty thousand coming over. Think what it will be like to have thirty thousand American boys in Paris."

'"Good!" I said. "We 'll shorten their stay in Paris and give them more time on the old battlefields. That will have a wholesome and sobering effect upon their spirits."

'Pershing laughed and agreed. We have always agreed, Pershing and I, because we understand each other perfectly. To understand each other — that's the whole secret.'

I ventured to say: 'It is necessary to understand each other, monsieur le maréchal, but one must also know how to command.'

'*Attendez,*' interrupted Foch, '*attendez!* I never commanded in the way you people imagine. I merely persuaded the gentlemen associated with me to think as I did. That is a very different matter. Take the twenty-fourth of July, 1918, which is the day when the greatest decisions of the war were made. I invited to my headquarters at Bombon the three commanders-in-chief of the three Allied armies — Pershing, Pétain, and Haig. The Belgians were also represented at the meeting. When they were all seated around my table I read a memorandum that I had prepared in which I pointed out the necessity of taking the offensive, following an alternative rhythm, the cadence of which I described. The English were to begin, the French were to take it up, and then the Americans were to have their turn. When I had finished I asked if anyone wanted to make a suggestion. All the gentlemen present wished to do so. Haig said: "The English army, to all intents and purposes, no longer exists; how can you expect it to advance against the enemy?"

'Pétain said: "The French army is bled white; how can you ask it to make such an effort as this?"

'Pershing said: "The American army is not ready yet; do you consider it prudent to throw it into the pell-mell?"

'Now I might have answered these objections by giving a formal, categorical order. But that is not my way. I am too deeply aware that a man obeys badly who obeys against his better judgment. I chose to adopt the tone of an adviser rather than of a com-

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mander. I preferred to convince each of these gentlemen that my plan was perfectly possible and practicable. I thought it better to make each of them want to carry it out. I informed Haig that I would put one whole French army under his command, the army of Debeney. That could not fail to flatter and encourage him. I told Pershing that I felt sure that the young American army, with its vigor, high spirits, and eagerness for the fray, would be only too glad to cover itself with glory. I promised the Belgians to put at their disposal certain English and French troops, who should be placed under the orders of King Albert. When someone objected that King Albert did not have the brevet of an officer of the General Staff, I answered: "*Attendez!* I 'll send him a French chief-of-staff, General Degoutte."

'So before the thing was over every one of the gentlemen, induced by pride, logic, persuasion, or, perhaps better said, by a sense of his own responsibility, had assented whole-heartedly to my plan. And everything went much better than if I had simply tried to impose my authority.'

The Marshal took a puff or two from his pipe and resumed reminiscently: —

'I have been in more difficult places than that — for example, in November 1914, when I kept the Allies from abandoning the Yser line. On that occasion I did not have in my pocket a paper putting me in command. I was not even Commander-in-Chief of the French army. I was an ordinary general. During my conferences with French he said to me: "I am a marshal, and alone am responsible to England for the fate of the British army. I believe that this army ought to retreat, and it is going to retreat."

'To this I replied: "I cannot give you orders. I am merely taking the liberty of offering you my advice. I am thinking expressly of the fate of your army, which I have deeply at heart. If it retreats it is lost, for the retreat will turn into a debacle. No man can prevent your ordering a retreat, but consider what your responsibility will be."

'Then the King of Belgium, in my conference with him, said: "Under the Constitution of my country I am responsible to my people for what remains of my army. I cannot sacrifice it." To this I answered: "Sire, consider carefully that very responsibility which rests upon you. You may be certain that you will sacrifice your army if you fall back."

'I left each of these gentlemen a little memorandum which I wrote hastily on the corner of the desk. They were identical in substance: "We should hold our positions. We should defend our present lines." These were not orders; they were advice. I merely convinced the King of Belgium and the English Field-Marshal that my advice was good, and they acted upon it. And I feel in my own heart that on that occasion, although I had no authority to issue orders, I really was in command. Indeed, I think that I never was so truly in command as on the Yser, where I was not technically a commander — I had simply discovered the secret of commanding.'

The Marshal's pipe had gone out. He rose, and choosing carefully his words, as if to condense into a sentence all that he had said, he repeated: 'To command is nothing. The essential thing is to understand perfectly the men with whom you are dealing, and to make them understand you. Mutual understanding is the whole secret of life.'

Foch clearly wanted to say that it is the secret of the life of nations as well as of individuals, the secret of peace and of war, the secret of commerce and of friendship.

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ITALIAN CONTRASTS

BY GERMAN CORRESPONDENTS

[We print below two communications from Italy written immediately after the recent attack on Mussolini. The first is by Madame Oda Olberg-Lerda, for many years a correspondent of the Social-Democratic press of Germany, and appeared in the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* of November 5. The second is by the correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, a Democratic daily, and is from the November 6 issue of that journal.]

I. A NIGHT OF TERROR

Although for several months I have been forbidden by the police to write anything upon politics critical of the Government, I venture to describe what I and my family experienced during the night of October 31. I do not criticize; I draw a picture. I do not attempt to say whether that picture has political implications. You may call it a feature story.

About 9 p.m. we observed an unusual mustering of police and carabinieri in the vicinity of our little house, whose tenants are the Socialist Party Committee, the Trade-Union Alliance, and the Italian branch of the International Transport Workers Union. We had heard nothing of the attempt to assassinate the Premier at Bologna, and therefore supposed that we were merely to have a repetition of the official search to which we had been subjected on the sixteenth of October. About ten o'clock the doorbell rang violently and some twenty Black Shirts rushed in and tried to force me to give them the key to the office. I explained to them that I did not have the key, and just as they were resorting to more energetic measures to get it an official of the political police appeared and ordered them out. They withdrew with threats and grumbling, and soon returned with reënforcements and made a second attack upon us, with the same result as before. The police guard in front of the house and in the yard was strengthened to nineteen men, some in civilian clothes and some in uniform, who at frequent intervals reported by telephone to their superiors. About half-past eleven several auto trucks filled with Fascisti rumbled up. The police threw themselves upon them. I extinguished the light, locked the door, and tried to telephone. The telephone is close to the entry, and I knelt down to avoid being seen. Just then the door was burst open and a crowd of men rushed past, and partly over, me without noticing me. Protected by the darkness, I ran upstairs, followed by a man, who finally turned back.

A carnival of destruction followed below, while we above deliberated what to do. Besides myself there were my husband, my twenty-year-old and thirteen-year-old daughters, and a young housemaid who had been with us only three days, but who, although we suggested that she go to a place of safety, refused to desert us, remarking that she would share our fate. We decided that these three girls should take refuge on the balcony above the

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third floor, while we defended the entrance to our private apartment. Below we heard the crash of doors being burst in, the breaking of window glass, and the smashing of three typewriters hurled through a window to the pavement. Other auto trucks came thundering up, bringing new detachments of Fascisti. Immediately the cry was raised: '*A morte i Socialisti! A morte! A morte!* (Death to the Socialists! Death! Death!)' We also heard a policeman, whose uniform was torn to tatters, groaning and calling for help.

There was no shooting, only sounds of smashing, crashing, and wanton destruction. We were in utter darkness. The young folks on the balcony had a better view than we did of what was occurring. They saw that the Fascisti were making torches of twisted newspapers and preparing to set fire to the house. My eldest daughter, although she was still convalescing from a long illness, dragged a ladder out on the balcony, climbed up with her younger sister, and boosted the latter over a high wall separating our balcony from that of the neighboring house. The little one agreed to go only on condition that I follow. But the ladder was too short, and we had to put it on a chair, where it wabbled perilously. Finally we were over, with the exception of my husband, who had to hold the ladder for us, and who remained in the building.

We women had scarcely reached a place of safety when a woman who was watching the scene eagerly from the window of a neighboring building shrieked, 'They 're getting away, they 're getting away!' But there were such noise and confusion below that no one heard her.

We were now trespassers in a strange house, and broke a window in order to get from the balcony into the building. Here we were cooped up without any way of reaching the street. Suddenly the door opened and a man pointed a revolver at me. As I was technically a housebreaker, I said courteously to my involuntary host, 'I beg pardon, sir, but I do not think you need the revolver.' Then I explained to the astonished man and his frightened family how we happened to be there.

It was now about one o'clock in the morning. Everything on the first floor of the building we occupied had been wrecked — the telephone smashed, the electric lights destroyed, the radiators torn from their fastenings and hurled out the windows. Not a window, a door, or a shutter was left. The street was littered with bookcases and broken furniture, and the yard was filled with wreckage, although the Fascisti had loaded a truck with things and carried them away. Among the articles that thus disappeared were our three typewriters and a duplicating machine. After the Fascisti had departed I took my youngest daughter to a friend's house in order that she might get some sleep. It was only a few steps away, but two young Fascisti followed us with great clubs in their hands, threatening to 'smash in your skulls.' Later, parties of stragglers came by to see if there was anything left to destroy.

According to the police, the number of men in the mob was about two hundred. As long as the police threatened to use their weapons the Fascisti kept at a respectful distance, but as soon as they saw that the police did not dare to shoot they rushed the place. Many of the police, however, showed splendid courage, and they prevented our living rooms from being sacked and the house from being burned.

The building is now practically uninhabitable. Not a window, a shutter, or a door remains on the ground floor. Four carabinieri stand guard in

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front, and curious spectators crowd around looking at the wreckage. All this has happened in one of the principal streets of Rome, a city with a garrison of forty or fifty thousand men.

II. A JUBILANT NATION

THESE are exciting and stormy days at Rome. The people are in a revolutionary mood. But it is not revolution against the Government that stirs them; it is wild wrath against the enemies of the Government — above all, the invisible enemies who the public believes instigated the attack on Mussolini, the nation's demigod. The visible Opposition no longer counts; its responsible leaders have vanished from the field. The rank and file of the Socialists have been dispersed, and many of them have gone over to the Fascist camp, either out of conviction or from self-interest. So when the anniversary of the March on Rome approached, Fascism apparently stood as solid and firm in Italy as a pyramid in the desert.

Then suddenly came the shot at Bologna, a shot at the man who is honored and worshiped as Italy's Messiah. Millions, almost the entire nation, actually adore their mighty magician, and are ready to tear to pieces whoever lifts a hand against the 'savior, the restorer of Italy.' It is a strange and almost incredible thing to observe how utterly Italian Socialism has collapsed before a single man, himself an ex-Socialist. What can his enemies hope to accomplish against this ruler who holds in his hands every instrument of power? *Un bel niente!* as the Italians say. Therefore, the Fascisti claim, his powerless enemies resort to the assassin's weapon. Within twelve months four attempts have been made to kill Mussolini. A record!

The rejoicing, both official and unofficial, at the Dictator's escape is unparalleled. Even the Pope has taken part in it. Equally excessive is the rage of the Fascisti. Surely it is a happy thing that Mussolini did not fall. The imagination shrinks from picturing what would have happened. Certainly there would have been a St. Bartholomew's Night for all suspected of hostility to Fascism. The mob would not have stopped at wrecking houses; it would have lynched its idol's enemies. With popular feeling wrought up as it is at this moment, no one can remain a neutral — or far less an enemy. Fascism as incarnated in the *Duce* has become a religion. To deny him is resented as a sacrilege. There is no resisting this universal sentiment. May Heaven save Italy and Europe from another such attack! If successful, the outcome will be incalculable.

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THE VILNO MENACE [1]

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

SPARKS are still flying in the night of European politics from the burning brand of Vilno. No one supposes that the peace of Europe is in danger, but anxious attention is being devoted to the dispute between Lithuania and Poland. The Vilno question will have to be solved by the next generation one way or another, and even then it will not be permanently settled. Alone, Lithuania lacks the military strength to accomplish anything, but she has acquired a new diplomatic backing in her security pact with Russia. The Lithuanian treaty can hardly have any practical value to Russia, and even its theoretical value is doubtful. It is only significant from a diplomatic point of view. Lithuania has once more raised its claim to Vilno, and Russia considers herself entitled to interfere in the question. It should be remembered that this treaty is not a coercive measure against Poland. How far Russia actually intends to take any active steps in behalf of Lithuania remains to be seen, but behind the whole problem lies the fact that Poland will not give up any of her rights for Russia's benefit, and she is not likely to enter into the security pact with Russia that has recently been more or less officially proposed.

The Vilno problem covers a wide field. Lithuania is standing firm on her old contention that the province belongs to her. Poland disputes this, and, thanks to quick diplomatic measures taken in Paris, secured the support of the Council of Ambassadors, who to this day maintain that the Poles are entitled to occupy the city. Meanwhile the historical and national aspect of the Vilno problem has been left in the background, and the two parties and their supporters — the Russians and the Lithuanians on one side, and the Ambassadors' Council and the Poles on the other — still are disputing only with the formal weapons of treaties and decisions made some time ago. Since the results of these treaties and decisions are continually contradicting each other, it would perhaps be better to go to the bottom of the whole business and decide matters from a nonpartisan standpoint, seeking to do justice to both sides.

The Vilno question began with the defeat of the Central Powers in the World War. It became acute as the German troops marched out of the eastern parts of Russia. To-day it is amusing to recall how the Central Powers proposed to solve the question at that time. On the fifth of November, 1916, the Central Powers announced that Poland should be made an independent kingdom with an hereditary monarch and a regular constitution. The Hapsburgs were known to claim the Polish crown, and Bethmann-Hollweg announced that he agreed with Burian that the town of Vilno should belong to this Polish kingdom. The fact that the German Government at that time upheld this opinion would naturally influence our attitude toward

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *October* 28, 29

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the Vilno question to-day. Yet even then Bethmann-Hollweg's point of view was considered rather mistaken, and with the new historical theories that are to-day to be applied to international politics it does not fit in at all with our ideas of self-determination. In 1916, however, the Eastern problem was on people's minds, and we believed that a military or dynastic system was the need of the hour. Russian soldiers followed the returning Germans and occupied Vilno, where they stayed until the nineteenth of April, 1919, when the Poles drove them out. At the Peace Conference the new independent Republic of Lithuania demanded the recognition of Vilno as the Lithuanian capital, and promised that, together with the Poles, it would keep the Bolshevist danger out of Europe. The Council of Ambassadors determined on the boundary known as the Foch Line on the twenty-seventh of July, 1919, but the Poles refused to be banished and continued to stay there. During the Polish-Russian war Russian troops occupied Vilno on the twentieth of July, 1920. On the twelfth of July Russia and Lithuania had already signed the Peace of Moscow. Article Number Two of this treaty is most important for a correct understanding of the Vilno problem. Here the Lithuanian-Russian boundary is so adjusted that the whole province of Vilno belongs to Lithuania, but part of this Article has a special significance — the part in which it says that 'the boundary between Lithuania and Poland must be settled through an understanding between these two States.' The sudden turn of fortune in the Polish-Russian war known as the 'wonder of the Vistula' removed the Russians from the town once more. On the twenty-seventh of August, 1920, the Lithuanian Government sent Poland a note saying that it had remained strictly neutral during the entire war. Yet at that time Russian troops were occupying a southeastern province of Lithuania, and the Poles, suspecting Lithuania's declaration of neutrality, sent a military expedition through this Lithuanian province. After further exchanges between Lithuania and Poland, the League of Nations took the matter up. It appointed a committee to report on the disputed district, and the Suwalki truce was prepared. This truce was to take effect on the tenth of October, 1920, and to last 'until all boundary questions between Poland and Lithuania should be decided.' The Lithuanian Government agreed to the truce, and they claim that, since the boundary question is not yet settled, the truce still holds to-day. The most important aspect of the matter was that the boundary dispute between Poland and Lithuania should be solved, and in accordance with the agreement the Lithuanians accepted the interference of a third party. The Suwalki agreement left the Vilno province in Lithuanian hands, since the Russian troops had left it on the twenty-fifth of August, 1920, but the very day before the agreement came into effect General Zeligowski undertook his famous hussars' ride to Vilno. Pilsudski announced in Vilno in August 1923 that he would have taken the same steps under the same circumstances, since new events had made it necessary. Léon Bourgeois, the Chairman of the League of Nations Council at that time, dispatched a note on the fourteenth of October, 1920, to Paderewski, who was then the Polish representative at the League, saying that the occupation of Vilno was a violation of the treaty laid down under the auspices of the League. France and England also came out against the occupation of the city. It is a matter of common knowledge how the Polish Government tried to clear its name. It

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announced that Zeligowski's expedition was an arbitrary decision of its own, made necessary by military considerations. It agreed to a thorough investigation, but thought it was not necessary to question Zeligowski's competence, and was pleased that he had made the Vilno province an accomplished fact as far as they were concerned.

The League of Nations stuck to the theory arrived at in its session at Brussels in October 1920, — that Poland violated the treaty, — but recognized the occupation of Vilno as an accomplished fact. Its next proposal was to hold a plebiscite in the Vilno province, but this plan missed fire. The Polish representative at this session of the League maintained that the preliminary treaty between Russia and Poland signed at Riga on the twelfth of October, 1920, automatically superseded the Russian-Lithuanian treaty known as the 'Peace of Moscow,' for he claimed that in the Riga treaty Russia declared she had no interest in the provinces west of the Russo-Polish boundary line established by that treaty. The Russian Government, however, took a different view, and Poland once more acknowledged in its treaty of the twenty-first of March, 1921, what had already been stated in the Moscow treaty — to wit, that 'both Poland and Russia agreed that, in so far as Article Two of the Lithuanian-Russian treaty dealt with boundaries between Poland and Lithuania, ownership of those territories was to be decided exclusively by Poland and Lithuania.' Lithuania agreed to this interpretation of the Riga treaty, since it acknowledged that the Vilno question was not yet settled and was not to be decided according to anything in either the Moscow or the Riga treaty. Russia, too, agreed to waive any rights that she might have as a third party. Several interpretations of the problem could be made on the basis of these different treaties. The League of Nations could have withdrawn on the ground that Vilno was purely a question involving Poland and Lithuania, and perhaps even Russia, at least as long as no understanding had been arrived at between Poland and Lithuania. The Polish statesman Cutrzeba expressed this point of view in his book, *Poland Reborn*, where he says: 'Russia can be counted out of the settlement of the Vilno question, since Poland and Lithuania can settle the matter between themselves.' The Russian Government informed Poland in its note of the seventeenth of February, 1923, that 'territorial disputes between Poland and Lithuania must be decided by Poland and Lithuania in strict accordance with Article Three of the Riga treaty, since the interference of a third party is expressly denied by the Riga treaty itself. The situation becomes particularly grave when that third intervening party is the so-called League of Nations — a union of Powers not recognized by the Red Republic, and entirely dominated by Powers who have devoted themselves to unfriendly activities against our Government. The only valid solution of the territorial disputes between Poland and Lithuania will be an understanding reached by the two Powers alone.'

This Russian declaration, however, did not prevent the Council of Ambassadors from acknowledging, on the fifteenth of March, 1923, that the Vilno province belonged to Poland. The Council of Ambassadors believed itself justified in the decision made, but the Lithuanian Government, in its note of the eighteenth of November, 1922, took a flatly opposite point of view. This note was chiefly confined to the Memel question, but added by the way that 'the Lithuanian Government permitted itself to say that it would be particu-

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larly grateful to the Allied and Associated Powers if these Powers could hasten a period of peace and friendship between Lithuania and Poland by the application of the principle declared in the Eighty-seventh Article of the Versailles Treaty, according to which they could establish the eastern boundary of Poland in accordance with the ceremonial promises of the two States, and taking into account the vital interests and rights of Lithuania.'

Lithuania took, and still takes, the point of view expressed in this note, and is still eager to have the Council of Ambassadors help the country to establish its right to Vilno. An unprejudiced judge is needed to settle the Vilno question without injustice. If Lithuania had wished for a sound and binding decision such as the Council of Ambassadors offered, it would have had to cancel the Moscow treaty with Russia, and Poland, on its side, would have had to go back on the Riga treaty. The Lithuanian Government displayed the greatest clumsiness and stupidity from the first in submitting anything to the Council of Ambassadors, since that Government must have known that Poland was the protégé of France, and that England's interests were to embarrass Russia as much as possible, so that a decision in favor of Poland would be bound to result. But in point of fact, as the foregoing text shows, Lithuania did not place the decision entirely in the hands of the League of Nations and the Council of Ambassadors, and it was quite right to refuse to abide by the decision of the League. Russia, too, was right in maintaining that it had no part to play in the Vilno problem, and its point of view has been set forth once more in the Lithuanian-Russian security pact. On the other hand, the attitude of the present Council of Ambassadors to the effect that Lithuania recognized the validity of its decisions in any disputes is also mistaken, and so is its assumption that Lithuania has recognized by her silence the validity of the status quo.

Poland maintained in its last note to Russia that the Russian-Lithuanian security pact was a violation of the Riga treaty, in which Russia had declared a hands-off policy in the provinces to the west of her. The Lithuanian Government boasts that its security pact with Russia runs counter to the decision of the League. From Poland's point of view this is good, for she can accuse Lithuania of having defied the League. We do not, however, believe that Poland will do any such thing, for it would mean settling the Vilno dispute at once. If the matter were decided on the basis of the various treaties that have been made, there is no doubt at all that the decision of the Council of Ambassadors would be overthrown and that the Lithuanians and Poles would have to come to some agreement between themselves. Poland shows an inclination to let the Vilno question slide — a policy that is both clever and unfair. Vilno will remain a danger to the peace of Eastern Europe, and from it many unforeseen developments may ensue.

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FRANCE IN SYRIA[1]

BY MARCEL RAY

HENRI PONSOT, successor to Henry de Jouvenel as High Commissioner for the French Republic in Syria, landed at Beirut and wanted at once to get into contact with the populace and see with his own eyes the different countries which it is his heavy charge to govern and set to rights. In what condition will this perfect administrator, this excellent diplomat, this expert on the Orient and Islam, find Syria? What is the position of France in these territories where she is exercising her mandate? What difficulties is she facing, and what can the mandatory nation look forward to in the future? The best reply that can be given to these questions would take the form of a resumé of the work accomplished in Syria during a little less than a year by Henry de Jouvenel.

The first thing that this clear-sighted man did was to diagnose accurately the Syrian problem. What did the Syrian rebellion amount to? It was the revolt of the Moslem population in Syria — or, what amounts to the same thing, the revolt of their chiefs — against France, the traditional protector of Christians in the Levant. Why did we go to Syria before the League of Nations was installed in Geneva and had organized its mandate régime? There is no doubt that we went there because it is the secular privilege of France always to protect Christians in the Orient — a precedent followed by Richelieu, Colbert, Vergennes, and Napoleon's ministers. It is a privilege as well as a duty that we have never failed to assume. In the course of the last century, however, our country has extended its privileges and its duties. France has become a great Mussulman Power, the protector of the Moslems in North Africa. She cannot, without loss of prestige, fight Islam in order to protect Christians in the Orient, nor can she neglect the Christians and favor the Mohammedans. Thus, even before the mandate came into existence, she was logically led to base her authority and her prestige in the Orient on something larger and more up to date than her traditional protectorate over Christians. The mission she had assumed was the assurance of order, prosperity, and justice in Syria.

Far from contradicting this mission, the League of Nations mandate simply defined it, and even widened its scope. It imposed on us the duty of providing military protection in Syrian territories for all people, without distinction of race or religion, because these territories are for the moment incapable of protecting themselves, and it laid upon us the duty of preparing a constitution for a young Syrian nation in which there is a mixture of different and even conflicting elements. The counterpart of the sacrifices demanded of us in the exercise of our mandatory power lies in the authority that our powers of arbitration give in a country divided against itself.

There is more conformity than conflict between the principles of the man-

[1] From *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris Liberal foreign-affairs weekly), *October* 30

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date and France's traditional policy, and this conformity becomes more evident each year on account of the new track our policies have taken since Locarno. Though we established ourselves in Syria in 1919, the mandate went into effect only in September 1923. Between 1919 and 1923 the representatives of French authority in Syria were exclusively engaged in carrying out our old political policy of protecting the rights of Christians, but since 1923 these men have been more or less in the dark. Uncertain of the future, they have hesitated between the past and the present.

Here is the real origin of the rebellion. France, a Mussulman Power, at first relied on Christian support against the Moslems. In any case, she gave to the Arab world the impression that she was establishing herself firmly in Lebanon, where the majority of the population was Christian. What is more, she increased the province of Lebanon and annexed territory both north and south, where Christians were not in the majority. She created Greater Lebanon, and seemed rather indifferent toward the rest of Syria. This, however, was not the view of the more generous and liberal General Gouraud. Yet this man became, in spite of himself, the champion of the Christian Maronites in the eyes of the Orient, while King Feisal seemed to be the champion of the Arab world. The conflict was an anachronism; it breathed the atmosphere of the period of the Crusades, though, after all, the Orient has changed only slightly since Godfrey de Bouillon's days, and, if it is quick to borrow the customs and political formulas of the West, it uses them merely as a disguise. Under European hats Turkish and Syrian brains remain Oriental, and the folds of burnooses can be discerned under overcoats tailored in London.

It goes without saying that neither the spirit of the mandate nor the principles that govern the political action of the French Government permit the mandatory power to take the side of one religion against another, or to follow the Turkish practice of cultivating disorder by repressing one element after another. But matters of principle aside, the eloquence of figures shows how hopeless it is to set the Christian minority against the Mohammedan majority. The Christians in Syria number about seven hundred thousand, compared to two million, three hundred thousand Mohammedans. The latter, it is true, are divided into two groups, the Sunnites and the Shiites, but the Christians are very much fewer, and their numbers are decreasing every year through emigration, while the Mohammedan population has a tendency to grow. This is not all. In Lebanon itself, which has now become Greater Lebanon by the inclusion of these new territories dominated by Islam, Christians are in only a very small majority. They represent fifty-two per cent of the Lebanon population, including the Greek Orthodox Christians, who form four per cent of the population and in whose hands the balance of power lies. This explains the paradoxical position of importance occupied by these Orthodox Christians, one of whom has to be chosen as chief of the State. If such a thoroughly Christian province as Lebanon can only be governed by arbitration, what can be said of the rest of the Syrian territory?

The Turkish régime that favored the Mohammedan majority against the Christian minority was detestable, but it had the logic of numbers behind it. What is more, the Turks governed by the summary arbitration of sword and scimitar. The opposite system, followed by the French, was no less immoral, and absurd and impractical into

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the bargain. From the moment that the Mohammedans suspected France of trying to put it into practice, the revolt began to grow, and, as might have been foreseen, trouble broke out in the only region where the inhabitants are bellicose and habitually carry arms. This was the Jebel Druz. Once the rebellion had been declared, it had to find help in all the neighboring Mohammedan countries — Turkey, Irak, Nejd, Transjordania, Palestine, and Egypt. The rebel chiefs even made the fatal mistake of trying to play off the rivalry of the Powers at the League of Nations, and they intrigued at Geneva for assistance.

Such was the condition of Syria when M. de Jouvenel succeeded General Sarrail in Beirut. The French Administration here found itself confronted with three kinds of adversaries, and it had to conduct its campaign on three different fronts. The Druse rebellion had to be conquered by arms, and its avowed or secret accomplices in territories under the mandate had to be subdued. This military offensive, however, could not be assured of success unless it was accompanied by a diplomatic campaign both in the countries bordering on Syria and at Geneva. It is only for clearness and ease of exposition that we separate M. de Jouvenel's three fields of operation and his triple policy in Syria. Actually there was always a close relationship between these three divisions. Each one owed some of its importance to the other two. If the military command could have checked the Druse revolt within a few weeks, we should probably have had no difficulties, either with the States bordering on Syria or with the Commission for Mandates of the League of Nations. These difficulties became apparent and pressing only when our military action seemed to be slowing up or weakening. On the other hand, the agreements that were negotiated last spring with the States bordering on Syria, and the reasonable decision made at Geneva, have contributed largely to the success of our military action and to the material and moral pacification of the Syrian territories.

It is not necessary to describe in detail the military operations pursued last spring that finally reduced the Druse and Syrian insurrection to a localized guerrilla warfare carried on in a few cantons of Jebel Druz. It will be enough to recall certain high points.

The real objective of these operations was the reoccupation of Suweideh, the largest settlement in Jebel Druz. Psychological, political, and military reasons forced upon us this objective, which General Andrea attained in a few days during the latter part of April. Two armed forces marching from the north and the south on the twenty-fifth of April met just outside of Suweideh, which was defended by five or six thousand rebels. On the same day, after six hours of fighting, the Druses were dispersed and abandoned their capital, leaving a thousand dead on the field, while we suffered a loss of eighty-nine soldiers killed and three hundred wounded. This was the price we had to pay for raising the French flag once more over the walls of Suweideh, thus signifying retaliation for the setback we received in 1925 and reëstablishing our prestige. Besides this, the high command could make Suweideh a base of operations. This city separated Northern Jebel Druz from Central Jebel Druz, where the insurgents seemed more disposed to continue their struggle.

At this moment Dr. Chabhandar, the chief instigator of the revolt, tried to reassemble the armed bands around Damascus, and stimulated them with exhortations and subsidies. The attack on Damascus by the rebels was the most horrible replica of our action at

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Suweideh; but the big Syrian city was well-guarded and was never in danger. Dr. Chabhandar's military and political calculations were knocked askew by Colonel Clement-Grandcourt's brilliant operation on the seventh of last May. The bandits had gathered where the oasis touches the southern part of the town, and there established a recruiting centre and a supply base for ammunition and gasoline, with which they hoped to burn the city. But Colonel Clement-Grandcourt surprised and nearly annihilated them, and the survivors fled in disorder, abandoning quantities of booty. Since that time Damascus has enjoyed continued tranquillity, and the military command has been able to prepare at leisure a campaign for cleaning up the Ghouta, which are the gardens where the rebel bands found refuge. At the end of August this cleaning-up process was finished by a general skirmish through the whole oasis, in which eight battalions, lined in seven columns, participated. Since the first week in September all the Ghouta settlements have been reduced to submission.

The attempt to make up for the loss of Jebel Druz by the surprise attack on Damascus completely failed. It was, however, only one of a series of attempts in other regions of the mandate — in Hermon, Hauran, and on the Turkish frontier. The Turkish action was important. It might have become one of the chief hotbeds of revolt if the rebels had received all the help from Turkey they expected. The menace of Turkish bands who advanced one hundred and fifty kilometres beyond the frontier was partly stopped by the intervention of General Billotte, commander of our forces in Northern Syria, who, with remarkable cleverness, organized a system of light troops that could move about quickly and surprise the hostile bands while they were forming and disperse them before they had time to grow. The diplomatic activity of the High Commissioner, who negotiated a treaty of friendship with Turkey in the nick of time, also played an important part. The Jebel Druz still remained the centre of rebellion, and that is where the chief efforts of the French command have been expended during the past summer. After the occupation of Suweideh General Andrea inflicted a series of setbacks on the rebels — first in the massive northern mountains, and then in the south. Beaten in two places, the Druses stopped fighting the French troops and their Syrian auxiliaries, and since the month of June have confined themselves to raids on occupied villages.

These terrorist tactics were not quickly stopped. The superior command had to follow the methods used so successfully by General Billotte in Northern Syria. General Gamelin's instructions, dated the fourth of September, to the chiefs of his different corps ordered them to substitute police methods for military methods in the districts that had been almost entirely subdued, and to replace heavily armed troops with lighter bodies of men who could move around without supply trains and give the enemy the impression that they were ready to give chase wherever he might show his head. Toward the middle of September General Andrea went all through the eastern part of Jebel Druz, where our troops had never passed, and where Sultan Atrash's last bands were still fighting. According to the latest information, nothing is going on in the Druse country but small local police actions. The new High Commissioner and General Gamelin have recently gone through all the rebel territory, and have made long automobile journeys through parts of the country where guns have been heard within a year.

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Military action was helped, as we have already said, by M. de Jouvenel's diplomatic negotiations with Syria's different neighbors last spring. The fact is that Syria is an open country devoid of natural frontiers, bordered on all sides by theoretic lines traced on paper. This is the secret of its strength and weakness, and explains its chances for prosperity and the perpetual danger of aggression with which it is menaced. Syria has a future only as a region of economic and intellectual transit between the East and the West. It can and ought to be Asia's door to Europe and Europe's door to Asia, but only on condition that the door can be defended, and if necessary closed. It is essential, therefore, for Syria to become a nation — a nation capable of defending itself. It is not yet in that state, but is still under the rule of a mandatory Power committed to protect its territories either by force of arms or by a system of agreements and conventions with neighboring countries.

This policy of agreements and conventions inaugurated by M. de Jouvenel answered the needs of the moment, as well as future necessities. So long as the rebels could be recruited in Mohammedan countries bordering on Syria, and could seek refuge and reorganize themselves in these countries after each defeat, and especially as long as they were able to introduce quasi-official complications, the work of the French General Staff was too much like the mythological efforts of Sisyphus. The High Commissioner was certainly not simple enough to believe that he merely needed a few signatures on a few documents to put an end to the going and coming of these rebels, and to shut them off completely from their foreign sources of supply. The least he proposed to do — and events have borne him out — was to put certain obstacles in their way and eliminate the menace of open collaboration between the rebels and any of their neighboring governments. This is why certain Bedouin chiefs in the south, who were hostile to us and had thousands of guns at their disposal, were able to take their instructions from the Wahabi Sultan, Ibn Saud, whom we have since recognized as King of the Hejaz. M. de Jouvenel negotiated, as the English did, a treaty of friendship and neighborliness with the Wahabi sovereign of Islam's holy places.

Having thus dispelled the southern peril, M. de Jouvenel turned his attention to the Turkish menace in the north of Syria. It is hardly necessary to recall the journey he made to Angora, where he negotiated, along with Albert Sarraut, the French Ambassador in Turkey, a new Franco-Turkish agreement. This treaty was dated the eighteenth of February. At the beginning of March M. de Jouvenel went to Jerusalem to get in touch with the British High Commissioner, and he sent Lieutenant-Colonel Vincent, chief of his military cabinet, to Bagdad at the same time. The conversations with the high British functionaries in Palestine and Irak resulted in neighborly conventions and in a whole series of agreements about the details of frontier administration, contrabands of arms and munitions, exportation of antiquities, automobile traffic, expeditions, and sanitary regulations. Whatever the importance of these accords may have been, their essential value lay in the fact that a Franco-British entente could be seen, and that the rebels were no longer able to speculate on any rivalry between two mandatory countries in the Orient. To bring out the cordiality of this collaboration more fully, M. de Jouvenel, in conjunction with his British colleagues in Jerusalem and Bagdad, organized regular reunions of English and French officials, which

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have borne excellent results and still function in a way highly satisfactory to both parties.

It was a great thing to conquer the insurrection on the spot and to deprive it as far as was humanly possible of the aid it might receive in countries bordering on Syria. But France had to establish its front on still another field — Geneva. The mandate had been put into practice in such a paradoxical way that Geneva, the city of peace, became the battleground of Syrian intrigue, the meeting place for all adversaries of the mandate, the propaganda and financial recruiting centre of the famous Syro-Palestine committee that inspired and supported Syrian rebellion. The mechanism by which the opposition to this mandate was organized on the very threshold of the League of Nations has already been explained. We have shown how the Orientals interpreted the acceptance of the mandate, an incomprehensible institution in their eyes, as a symbol of their servitude and a proof that France had now extended her powers still further in the Orient. Not only the rebels, but all the Syrian malcontents, believed they were authorized to carry to Geneva complaints and petitions against France, and these malcontents, whether of bad or good faith, encountered all the Syrian forces of disorder on the banks of Lake Leman, all the rich or ambitious immigrants who founded or encouraged committees of action, all the sharpers, middlemen, and smugglers who had agreed to procure money for their arms — to say nothing of professional champions of doubtful causes, puritans more eager to grow indignant than to gain information, and all sorts of good fellows with a ready ear for every story in the *Thousand and One Nights*.

To free the air of this atmosphere of an Oriental bazaar, which almost unhinged the judgment of certain members of the Mandate Commission and even of the Council, and to kill the activity of enemies of the mandate who made use of the mandate as an arm against France, we could only resort to a demonstration of our loyalty. M. de Jouvenel did not hesitate to say at Geneva that the Mandate Commission's complacency in gathering sob stories from petitioners had prolonged the Syrian revolt. He did not even have to open his portfolio to the Mandate Commission and to the Supreme Council. He simply threw the light of day on the subject of Syrian disorder, showing how the different Syrian States lacked unity, revealing their petty disputes, their mental restrictions, their incapacity to agree on anything, and their inability to defend themselves. In a word, he produced overwhelming proof of their need for tutelage. He then showed how France, far from having violated the mandate with which she had been invested, had conformed to it in spirit as well as letter and had defended it at the cost of heavy sacrifice. Going further, and confining himself to one of the stipulations of the mandate, the High Commissioner brought out the detailed plan for the establishment of a free government in Syria and Lebanon, and he even outlined a future project for a Syrian Locarno — a confederation of Syrian States with which France would make a treaty of alliance, as Great Britain had done with Irak, and which could one day become a member of the League of Nations.

This statute for a future Syrian State, the invention of M. de Jouvenel, ought to have served as the basis for a sort of pact between victorious France and the vanquished rebels. France should be inspired with the spirit of Geneva and should conform to it, no matter what the consequences may be. She should say to the rebel chiefs: 'You

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have not been the stronger, and the moment is coming when you will have nothing to do but dispose of your arms. If you are reasonable you will not wait for that moment; you will change your attitude now, and you will profit from concessions that our victory enables us to allow you. They are exactly the same as those Great Britain granted in Irak, and France is no less liberal than Great Britain. You fight to assure the population of Syria all kinds of liberties which this population does not want. We demand that you announce to the League of Nations that you recognize the principle of the mandate and declare peace with us. We will then demand that you, not as rebels, but as Syrians, seal with us, your mandatory Power, a treaty freely negotiated. Last of all, we ask for a discussion of questions pertaining to the federation of the different States in Syria, it being agreed that you will not in any case resort to force. You will accept in advance the arbitration of the mandatory Power, and we shall consent on our side to allow certain disputes, in which the impartiality of our judgment might be doubted, to be laid before the arbitration committee at The Hague. The Syrian statute and the treaty binding the Syrian confederation to France should be established for a period of thirty years.'

The French Government has decided that this project for a Syrian mandate ought to be examined with all necessary prudence and attention, and it has not yet done its part. There is no hurry, however, since the Council of the League has adjourned for six months, when a project for dealing with the territories under the mandate is to be submitted at Geneva. Well-disposed people have always contended that a marriage should be consummated with the consent of both parties. Nothing up to the moment would show that the people who inspired the rebellion are disposed to accept their defeat and submit to its consequences. The conversations between M. de Jouvenel in his official capacity and the members of the Loutfallah family, who are the chief backers of the rebellion, seem to have been nothing more than a series of preliminary contacts. They have, however, been immediately interpreted in the Orient in a sense unfavorable to France. The Orientals are incorrigible; they reverence only force and brutal demonstration of superiority in the conqueror.

M. Ponsot came to Syria like a new man. He is now examining the situation of the territories subject to the mandate with the authority and clear-sightedness that give him his profound knowledge of Islam and with the liberty of a spirit unhampered by preconceived doctrines. Within a few weeks he will transmit a detailed report to the French Government, and no one can say whether he will adopt the conclusions of his predecessor or whether he will propose another project. What is certain is that M. Ponsot will judge on facts alone, and that he will be no less capable to govern than he is to judge. What Syria needs, once the rebellion is over, is a government both firm and supple, one that knows how to conciliate divergent interests and that can focus the attention of its administrators on the solution of economic problems. The Syrians are tired of political quarrels. Most of them demand that the resources of their country be developed, that their produce be exchanged in the world market. In a word, they want to work and get rich. The new High Commissioner will have to examine the financial problem if it is not solved by the stabilization of the franc. He will have to finance certain great public works, especially the railroad from Tripoli to Haifa, which will

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put three continents in communication with each other and will permit travelers to go from Cairo to Paris or Calais by rail. He will be preoccupied with the raising of cotton, which can be made to flourish in many varieties on Syrian soil. We can, if we want to, make Syria a cotton country that will produce enough to supply all the needs of France. The district of the Orontes River can be made into a rich grain country, and the plain of Antioch should be drained and the irrigation of the Syrian Desert near the Euphrates, where the remains of Roman canals can be found, should be undertaken. The Syrian Desert was born of human negligence. It can become, through human activity, as rich and fertile a region as the valley of the Nile.

All these activities require considerable capital, which will not be mobilized until the present uncertainty of the mandate régime is over, until the rich Syrians have come to understand that they can employ their resources to better advantage than in cultivating rebellion.

WHY ARE YOU KIND?

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

[*Saturday Review*]

Why are you kind to me now,
You who were once so unkind?
I will tell you why you are kind to me now.

Now you have taken away
All that I had, you are kind;
You have taken the dreams of my heart away.

I had nothing, only my dreams;
You have found them, hid in my heart;
You have taken nothing, only my dreams.

You are kind to me now I am poor;
I have nothing left in my heart;
You are kind to me only because I am poor.

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AIR AND EMPIRE[1]

BY LORD THOMSON

ADMIRAL MAHAN, in his famous book, *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*, enumerates the five principal conditions affecting sea power. Of these, the fourth and fifth are the Character of the People and the Character of the Government, respectively. In regard to national character, he affirms that aptitude for commercial pursuits is a distinguishing feature of nations that have been great upon the sea, and that the growth of sea power in its broadest sense depends upon 'bold enterprise in the pursuit of gain, and a keen scent for the trails that lead to it.' Of governments he says: 'Whether a democratic government will have the foresight, the keen sensitiveness to national position and credit, the willingness to ensure its prosperity by adequate outpouring of money in times of peace, all of which are necessary for military preparation, is yet an open question.'

These quotations have been made advisedly, because it is only necessary to substitute the words 'air power' for 'sea power' in Mahan's text to make it applicable to the present situation. And just as many of Mahan's illustrations and deductions in regard to sea power were drawn from the history of the British Empire, so are the records of British aviation the best basis for a brief treatise on Air and Empire.

British sea power was built up gradually. As our colonial system grew, our war fleets grew with it, until 'England was *the* Sea Power; there was no second.' Since the days when this remark was true a formidably 'second' has appeared, and disappeared. The Washington Conference has laid down a scale for naval armaments with Britain equal first, and to this extent our sea power has been limited. But, though less flagrant and outspoken, the rivalry for world power continues, and with it a not less fruitful cause of armaments — the quest for security based on force.

Aviation has evolved a weapon such as Napoleon might have dreamed about, and which can be put to more destructive uses than either fleets or armies by competent and unscrupulous men. Air power has not yet reached its full development; the final stages of the World War gave a mere inkling of its potentialities. Its growth, unlike that of sea power, has been sudden and prodigious. The war stimulated airmen and inventors, quickened production artificially, and brought into being lavishly equipped air forces and new factories manned by an army of skilled mechanics. Once roused, the British rose to the occasion. A great national and Imperial effort put Britain 'well in the lead in practically every phase of aerial development.'

With the cessation of hostilities, however, a reaction came. Neither the Government nor the people had fully grasped the lessons of the war. Great Britain ceased to be *the* air Power. The naval and military authorities, who had at first been disconcerted by the

[1] From the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper), *October* 10, 17, and 24

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new weapon, reasserted the claims of the senior fighting services. As a consequence, the Royal Air Force was cut down to dangerously low proportions, a high percentage of its personnel was disbanded, and vast quantities of valuable war materials were either sold for next to nothing or scrapped. At the same time, public interest in aviation waned. Marvelous exploits by British airmen, such as the flight of the Smith brothers to Australia some six years ago, were regarded as feats requiring skill and courage, but not as serious contributions to a new form of locomotion. The people looked askance at flying. Fear of accidents deterred many, who imagined they would be exposed to the same risks as military airmen during training. Air travel was expensive, and confined to venturesome enthusiasts who were also rich.

Fortunately a marked improvement in all these respects has taken place during the past two years. To-day the Royal Air Force is second to none in efficiency, and is building up steadily, so far as circumstances permit, the right kind of reserve. More people fly, as is shown by the number of passengers carried by Imperial Airways, Limited. Immense crowds flock to see Air Force displays, and our airmen get their proper meed of recognition. The practical value of long flights is beginning to be appreciated.

But much remains to be accomplished by both the Governments and the peoples of the British Commonwealth. It is the duty of the former to look ahead and realize the important part that aviation must inevitably play in shaping the destinies of our race; to perceive that air power is as necessary to the maintenance of the British Empire as sea power was to its establishment; to grasp the significance of this new weapon, not only as a means of defense against aggression, but also as a potent instrument of peace; to develop it so that it shall become irresistible, a strong arm to be used for upholding law and order, and not abused by being permitted to extend the area of conflict, or to exhibit what Macaulay has described as 'the most frightful of all spectacles, the strength of civilization without its mercy.'

It is equally the duty of the British people to face the new situation in a progressive spirit, and not to cling tenaciously to old ideas. The British Isles are small in size and offer little scope for aviation; but the Empire provides a limitless field for enterprise in connection with air transport. As a race we have hitherto regarded the sea as our special province, and the national character has lent itself to the sea habit. We have won a great and dominant position by controlling the 'illimitable pathways of the sea,' and these are still the backbone of Empire communications. But the air provides a new system of arteries and veins, and we shall neglect them at our peril. To preserve our position in the world, we must develop the still more illimitable pathways of the air, and cultivate the air habit.

An air force is a manifestation of air power, but the foundations of that power are to be found in commercial and civil aviation, with a national aircraft industry adequate to their needs.

Owing to the rapid and artificial development of aviation, the proper relationship between industry and air armaments has not, so far, been established in any country. In Britain, France, Italy, and America, the aircraft industries depend to an undue extent on orders placed by government departments. This state of affairs may be inevitable for the present, but it is essentially unsound. It is as though British shipyards were kept going

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almost exclusively by naval construction, or as though our engineering works turned out more tanks than locomotives. An industry so situated exists precariously, and does not play the part it should in a nation's life. To put the British aircraft industry on a sound footing, an Empire-wide air-transport system is required as its chief market. Given this, the industry would become a source of profit to its promoters, and a nursery and a means of livelihood for thousands of pilots and mechanics in time of peace, and would form a natural air force reserve in time of war.

There are other European States which possess no aircraft industry at all, but still maintain air forces. These buy their airplanes abroad and import mechanics. Air forces so constituted are of little value. With a peace wastage, due to machines getting out of date, amounting to thirty per cent per annum, and war casualties estimated at eighty per cent per month, even if they should be efficient at the outbreak of hostilities they could hardly survive more than the first few weeks of air fighting.

On the other hand, Germany, like the other belligerent States which were defeated in the World War, is prohibited from having any kind of air force. For this reason the Germans are able to devote the money which in other circumstances might be spent on air armaments to encouraging commercial and civil aviation. They are creating a flourishing aircraft industry, and may thereby gain control of several Continental air routes. If other nations, through lack of enterprise, let this happen, in spite of the possession of large air forces, they may find themselves at a disadvantage, as compared with Germany, whose ultimate air power, though less apparent, will be better founded and more real.

It is neither desirable nor possible to curb the progressive activities of an efficient, farsighted people. The more logical course of action is to follow their example, or, better still, to give a lead.

In spite of the rapid progress made in aviation, for some years to come the Great Dominions of the British Commonwealth will be immune to serious air attack. War between the English-speaking peoples is unthinkable; and the cities of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa are not yet within striking distance by air of any existing and conceivably hostile air base.

Aircraft carriers, both sea-going and aerial, will, with improvements in design, be utilizable as mobile air bases and thus extend the range of air attack. But their uses as such will be restricted, and although it is always necessary in air matters to look well ahead and be prepared for the unexpected, those responsible for Empire air defense can afford to disregard this menace for the present, and frame their policy to meet more urgent needs.

In the event, however, of another European war, few of the larger cities in the British Isles would be out of range of hostile aircraft. If such a calamity should occur, air fighting would begin at once, and the bombing to which London and other cities were exposed during the World War would seem, in retrospect, like child's play compared to what could be effected in the way of destruction of life and property by a first-class Continental air force.

Fortunately, the prospect these words suggest is becoming more and more remote; but while there is the slightest risk of Europe again lapsing into strife, no responsible British Government dare neglect the requisite preparations for air defense.

It follows, therefore, that in drawing up a scheme for Empire Air Defense

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the protection of the British Isles from attack by air must be the first and principal consideration. Air forces are needed in the Great Dominions for local defense against minor air raids, in coöperation with the naval and land forces; also provision will have to be made for guarding Empire air routes when they have been established. These are, however, secondary matters compared to home defense.

Home defense is the chief function of the Royal Air Force; all its other functions, such as coöperation with the Fleet and Army, the policing of Irak and safeguarding European interests in the Near East, however important they may be, are subsidiary. If the heart of the Empire were to stop beating, the limbs would soon decay.

How easily such a disaster might occur, a moment's reflection will suffice to show. There is no mobilization period in air warfare. The first attack by air upon these islands would coincide with, if it did not precede, the formal declaration of war. Failure to check the enemy's bombing squadrons might cause a state of panic in densely populated areas, which would be embarrassing, to say the least. Defeat in the first aerial encounters, if it were followed by marked inferiority in the air, would expose our dockyards and military centres to incessant bombing, and thus reduce the other fighting services to temporary impotence. The course of the war might be determined during the first ten days. The initial phase might be decisive.

To meet the menace of air attack, a new defense system has been rendered necessary, whose first line is the Royal Air Force. Inevitably, the new organization has been criticized, if not condemned. Like every other innovation, it cuts across sentiment and tradition, it encroaches, supplants, poaches on old preserves, and will, if properly applied, sacrifice the hoariest vested interests to efficiency and economy. Some criticism has been constructive, and, as such, welcome. There is always a tendency to go too fast in the exhilarating atmosphere of new ideas. But many critics have displayed either ignorance or an unwillingness to face the facts of the present situation.

Naval and military authorities in all parts of the Empire are still apt to regard air operations as in the main auxiliary to their own, and to forget the third dimension. There are still some who carry their obstinacy so far as to deny that the first line of defense is in the air. The warning given by Field-Marshal Foch upon this subject should be posted in every Admiralty and War Office. It is as follows: 'The potentialities of aircraft attack on a large scale are almost incalculable, but it is clear that such attack, owing to its crushing moral effect on a nation, may impress public opinion to the point of disarming the Government, and thus become decisive.'

Again, Army and Navy officers object strongly to a system under which the training of all air personnel, and the supply of their equipment, are directed by the Air Ministry. They want machines and airmen of their own, in order that the sea and land forces may get the full benefit of aviation for scouting and spotting; these they believe to be its chief use and purpose. If they had their way they would have at least two separate air services.

If money were no object, and if all-round efficiency were not essential in all ranks of the Air Force, wherever posted and however employed, there might be some justification for making concessions to the susceptibilities of the senior services, and giving them separate air establishments to serve as extra eyes and ears. Although this arrangement would not meet the requirements of air

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defense, for which an independent air force is indispensable, it would, admittedly, obviate much friction and consequent waste of time.

The most obvious and direct way in which a government can encourage aviation is to subsidize the national aircraft industry, or air transport companies, or associations of manufacturers and financiers representing both. Admittedly there are objections to this method. To many people the word 'subsidy' is like a red rag to a bull; they contend that no healthy industry needs a subsidy, with the possible exception of their own. The contention is unanswerable; but, unfortunately, there are industries which are not in a healthy state, and yet are indispensable to progress.

Through no fault of those responsible for its conduct, the British aircraft industry is in this latter category. Its inception was due to the efforts of a small band of indomitable pioneers who foresaw the possibilities of aviation and went on with their experiments, in spite of risks and losses, while the majority of people doubted. When the war came, this puny weakling among industries was thrust into a forcing house and fed to repletion with orders from the fighting services. During the war years it waxed fat prematurely; but with the cessation of hostilities another lean spell came. After such vicissitudes it is not surprising that the manufacturers of aircraft, and those associated with them, should find it difficult to put their business on a healthy footing. And unless the lavish expenditure necessitated by the war is followed, in the words of Mahan, by 'adequate outpouring of money in times of peace,' which is necessary for military preparation, what was said of Machiavelli will be true of this all-important industry: 'Untimely decrepitude was the penalty of precocious maturity.'

This is a state of affairs which no Government or people in the British Commonwealth should tolerate. It can be averted by recognizing that circumstances alter cases. Aviation needs and merits State assistance, both direct and indirect. It is being given in France and Germany on a large scale. In the United States, where the objection to subsidies is most pronounced, the aircraft manufacturers not only reap the full advantage of overlapping orders from the naval and military air services, but have in addition big contracts with the Government in Washington for extensions to the Transcontinental Air Mail, the losses on which are being made good out of public funds. [It will be remembered that our Government is offering its Air Mail Service to private enterprises. — EDITOR] The abuse of aviation is a menace of the future; but its proper use and development provide protection against abuse, and are expected and required of all progressive peoples. State assistance should be so adjusted as to ensure adequate control of the expenditure of public money, and yet to encourage 'bold enterprise in the pursuit of gain, and a keen scent for the trails that lead to it.'

The trails in this case are air routes, and there is no more natural or effective way for a government to encourage civil aviation than by the provision of these essential highways. But just as our roads, though mainly used by motorists, were built originally with money collected through the rates and taxes, so should the initial cost of air routes be a public charge. The money would be well invested. A steadily increasing fraction of the population, in all parts of the Empire, consisting of officials, business people, and those who prefer flying as a means of travel, would use air routes where they existed, and help to pay for their upkeep in the same

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way as motorists are now paying for the roads. An Empire Air Mail Service would be an immediate source of revenue.

To the many isolated communities dotted about the distant spaces of our Great Dominions, aviation could be made a precious boon, facilitating intercourse and education, relieving loneliness, and bringing prompt succor to the suffering and sick. More and more people would take to flying if ways and means were available. The British are as capable of air sense as they have been and are of sea sense, and, given the incentive, they will soon acquire it. Air sense means strength in its most modern form, strength in affairs and in defense. This strength the British Empire needs to face the tasks and trials yet to come.

When the safety and convenience of airships have been demonstrated — and there is a justification for the hope that they will be in the near future — lighter-than-air vessels will play an important part in Empire air communications. They are specially adapted for crossing wide ocean spaces, and their value for military and naval purposes may also be considerable; they may be useful adjuncts to home defense, and, if they should prove satisfactory substitutes for light cruisers, large savings on naval votes will be effected.

But the first use of airships will be commercial, and their first tests will be the strictest that can be applied — they will be tried out as passenger carriers in competition with seagoing liners. In the development of this somewhat neglected side of aviation, it is both possible and desirable to begin with the foundations.

Next summer two large British airships should make their trial flights. For various reasons, the trial course will be eastward through Egypt to India, and thence, if all goes well, it may be extended to Australia and New Zealand. This route should not, however, be regarded as a typical Empire airship route. The shape of airships and the large surface they expose to the action of the wind impose methods of navigation resembling, in some respects, those which obtain with sailing ships. As a consequence, it seems probable that the routes taken by commercial airships will be circular, or at least circuitous, so as to take full advantage of prevailing winds. To drive an airship into a strong head wind would strain the structure, use up a needless quantity of fuel, and expose the passengers and crew to inconvenience and discomfort without any compensating gain in time. Consequently, it may prove to be more economical, and even more expeditious, to go to Canada from England by way of Cape Verde, the return journey being direct.

Again, the best route to Australia from England may be found to be via the Cape of Good Hope, and thence eastward along the forty-fifth parallel of latitude. Here an airship would enter the 'Roaring Forties,' and, in addition to its own means of propulsion, would be borne along at a tremendous speed by the blast of the 'brave west winds.' This stage of the flight, from Cape Town to Perth, in Australia, should be completed in two, or at most three, days.

These factors will have to be considered in connection with the establishment of Empire air routes; they should be carefully investigated by qualified experts. There is no time to lose. Airship traffic is bound to become an important element in world communications, and from its very nature it will be an international business. The British people can and should be the first in this new field. If our airships are the safest that science and thorough workmanship can produce; if our air routes are carefully laid out, with an

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eye to their commercial uses, and equipped with every known device for receiving, refueling, repairing, and helping aircraft on their way, they will attract and hold the air traffic of all nations, and put an all-red girdle of air transport more than halfway round the earth. The first outlay will undoubtedly be heavy; but, however large the sum required, the advantages gained will be proportionate. New markets, wider and closer intercourse, fresh fields for enterprise, and more knowledge, are sure returns from such expenditure.

Nor are these all the benefits that will accrue. When Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa are linked with the Mother Country — and, what is equally important, with one another — by air routes, the network of communications thus created will not only confer air power, but will also consolidate the Empire, give a unity to widely scattered peoples unattainable hitherto, create a new spirit, or, maybe, revive an old spirit which was drooping, and inculcate a conception of the common destiny and the mission of our race.

The late Lord Curzon once remarked that the British Empire could be made the greatest of all human instruments for good. That is our mission, and it should be sufficiently inspiring. But, to do good, power is needed, together with a national character that prohibits its abuse. We of the present generation have inherited sea power, and are now living in a transition period. A new power is emerging, whose magnitude and potentialities are only half understood. But if both Governments and peoples throughout the Commonwealth rise to the height of a great occasion, if British democracies display 'the foresight, the keen sensitiveness to national position and credit,' which made England great upon the sea, the Empire will gain a new lease of prosperity and need fear no rival in the air.

THE PARIS OF THE DOLLAR[1]

BY ROBERT DE BEAUPLAN

ONCE grand dukes made their rounds here. This was the time when Russian noblemen, all of whom did not belong to the Tsar's family, seemed like the most exigent of our guests and we affirmed our traditions by organizing internal excursions for them in the slums of the capital. Conducted by indulgent policemen who protected their *amour propre* more than their security, they visited a certain number of basement dens in eccentric quarters of the town, where they saw Apaches dance their deep-swaying waltz and drink hot wine. When it was necessary to complicate the spectacle, a fight was organized and the roughnecks went to it. At daybreak the girls took off their scarfs and the men changed their caps and both sought a well-earned rest, having been paid the price for their 'number.' The blasé grand dukes and the ladies in pearls who accompanied them were shivering with the dangers

[1] From *Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *October 23*

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that they had undergone, and really imagined that they had at last seen the real Paris.

There was also Montmartre, of which Chicago packers, English colonels from the Transvaal, German students, and Levantine merchants from Smyrna dreamed. Montmartre, the heart of Paris, with its lights and tumult, its macabre cabarets, its velvet-dressed singers, its 'French cancan' at the Moulin Rouge! Travel agents have spread even further this universal prestige, which Montmartre still guards. Every evening big blue buses empty their cargoes of tourists on the Place Pigalle, and neighboring night clubs are soon enticing a cosmopolitan clientele to their doors. If you go into one of the many bars in this part of town, you will hear every language in the world, except perhaps French. English predominates, but there are also Russian, Spanish, Italian, and every variety of Balkan dialect. In a sense you are behind the scenes. The people elbowing you are no mere supers; they are Argentine or Caucasian dancers, Negro jazz-band players, and German drug-peddlers. Go up one story, or down one, as the case may be, and you will find tables with white linen, and a bottle of champagne imperially enthroned on each. In an overheated, thick mist of tobacco smoke Parisian night life is in full sway. Parisian? Certainly, but not French. Read the nationalities of these red or sallow faces; listen to the babel of talk; and, if you are still skeptical, look at the bill. At these prices how many of the French middle class can afford to partake of such luxury? But for people with pounds, dollars, gold marks, or pesos, expense is no consideration. They pay everything in paper francs, in thousand-franc notes. They wanted to see Montmartre, and they will go home saying that they know Paris and France.

In spite of everything, including its new appearance, and in spite of the affluence it displays every night, Montmartre has something out of date about it. It lives on legend, and a legend that has reached the pampas of the Argentine takes a long time to die. Even the rite that leads these naïve, dazed pilgrims here from across the sea is already out of fashion. The foreigners who have colonized Paris since the war have transformed its physiognomy. They had decided it was a city of pleasure, and found it too cramped for their liking. Just as they raised whole cities on virgin prairie soil, they have here built up places of diversion to their taste. If we paid more attention to the changes that are going on under our eyes, we should be flabbergasted. The life that indolent favorites of fortune led after midnight used to be bounded by strict frontiers; it was confined to a little circle of light and sound, beyond whose confines lay the peaceful shades of night. Now, however, Saturnalia reigns everywhere. It gushes out of the middle of the town; it is moving west, and has even annexed part of the left bank. The Place Pigalle has spread like a drop of oil on water. The Rue Pigalle is no longer merely the Rue Pigalle, but also the Rue Fontaine and Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, the Rue Blanche and Rue de Clichy. People play and dance around the Opéra, the Rue Caumartin, the Rue Daunou, and even on the threshold of the Madeleine. The austere Faubourg Saint-Honoré was not able to hold out long. The noisy throng has penetrated the Champs Élysées as far as the Étoile, and the serenity of the Arch of Triumph is likely to be disturbed by a jazz-band restaurant that has recently opened only a hundred yards away. If the

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Avenue des Ternes quiets down a little bit earlier, the celebration on the Avenue MacMahon keeps going late, and the noise of its orchestras deafens the unfortunate inhabitants of the Rue des Acacias. During the summer there are oases of noise in the green Bois de Boulogne. On the other side of the Seine, where the informal restaurants of the Latin Quarter are only a memory, cosmopolitan Montparnasse has established a tumult of folly.

What can this new Paris be called if not 'the Paris of the dollar'? True, there are a few Frenchmen to be found in it. We live in a prodigal time, and, as someone said, one does not like to add to the unpleasantness of not having money the further inconvenience of not being able to spend it. Economy is a rare virtue when a supper costing twenty-five louis has become for more than one of us the usual complement of an evening at the theatre. Still, in the Paris of the dollar Frenchmen remain the exception. The tourist, attracted by the curiosity of an exceptional spectacle, is the passing guest who suffers none of the inconveniences that natives must put up with. We Parisians must be content with the worst seat near the kitchen, where the waiters swarm noisily, or in the passageway to the cloakroom. The proprietor will not even honor us with a look, and the door-man scarcely thanks us for our tip. The Frenchman will often feel very happy to be allowed to penetrate this sanctuary at all. The 'midnight opening' of fashionable places is a thoroughly fictitious idea; actually the door remains closed, and a uniformed official forbids access to it. In order to get in, especially if one has committed the imprudence of speaking French, one must justify one's self by having reserved a table for a sufficiently numerous party to guarantee a large bill. The elegance of these places bears no relation to prices, for the proprietors have to take into account the capricious instability of fashion. An establishment must make its fortune in two years or the owner is ruined. He has two years at the most in which to make good his original investment. That is the price of snobbishness. When his term is up he will have to install himself in a neighboring street at another night club, where a special service of police will go on duty at six o'clock in the morning to untangle the mess of automobiles.

Not long ago the Russian cabaret was in the highest favor. We heard melancholy gypsy choruses in basement cafés singing in raucous, dissonant chords and almost dying of homesickness. There, too, were superb, savage Caucasians with astrakhan hats and high boots, who danced wildly with knives, and toward whom American ladies cast ecstatic glances. In dimly lighted booths champagne sparkled in massive silver cups that had somehow slipped through the Bolsheviki's fingers, and between dances the management announced that a former grand duchess who happened to be there was going to pass around the hat. But Russia yielded its place to the Argentine, whose tango orchestra was the hit of a whole season. In those days couples danced to the sobbing music of accordions on a luminous glass floor lit from below with changing colors. And now the Negro has arrived, the uncontested master of the hour.

The frenzied Charleston has traversed the Atlantic. It has invaded England, France, Europe. The Negro is taking his revenge. From him we have acquired that epileptic gesticulation seen everywhere to-day. All summer young fellows, and even little girls, practised it on the fashionable

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beaches under the indulgent eyes of their parents. It is true that there are Charlestons of many kinds, as there are tangos. Moving from their native dives in Louisiana or in Buenos Aires, these dances have lost some of their original crudeness. But it is the real Charleston in all its simian brutality that appeals to intoxicated, nocturnal Paris. Its haunts are known only to the initiate. The tables touch each other, because space is too valuable to waste. Saxophones bellow while the cash register beats out a syncopated rhythm.

Take the Bœuf sur le Toit, for example. Its name is borrowed from a literary fancy of Jean Cocteau, who presided at a place of this name in the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, to the disgust of one public and to the juvenile enthusiasm of another. At first it was simply an æsthete's bar, a rendezvous for littérateurs and modern painters, who drank cocktails and exchanged their views on art. Painters took their models here, and people danced and had a good time. There was an atmosphere of genuine cordiality. Soon, however, men of the world found out about it and came to see in their turn everything that cosmopolitan Paris offered. To-day it is a strange hangout, patronized by a varied Anglo-Hispano-American-Parisian crowd. But it is still a good-natured sort of place. On certain evenings the painter Guy Arnoux comes here dressed up as a pirate or a cowboy. Paul Poiret occasionally appears, radiating a sumptuousness worthy of the Doge of Venice. First-night habitués are very apt to turn up after the show. Well-known actresses come here more to display than to amuse themselves, and Paul Bourget himself wandered in once or twice under the tutelage of Francis Carco and Gerard Bauer, in search of material for his *Danseur mondain*. As the clientele has increased, more tables have been added. There are now only a few square yards left for dancing, and in that narrow space a curious mixture of nationalities, classes, and ages cavort. Tuxedos and business suits, low-necked dresses and afternoon gowns, fake jewelry and real, mingle together in a deafening confusion of music.

There is also the Florence. Not long ago a charming little garden, with an air of provincial tranquillity, lay hidden just off the Rue Blanche. Some enterprising proprietor had the idea of covering this over and making it into a night club. He had the name 'Florence' stuck up in electric lights, and Florence herself came — a bizarre, coffee-colored girl with short, smooth hair tied up in a knot behind and pulled back tightly from her forehead, exposing her ears. With her flashing eyes she was a new kind of bacchante, accompanied by a mulatto troupe. Since then the Rue Blanche has been too narrow to accommodate the crowd of automobiles that has been passing through it from midnight until six in the morning. Inside, the show is going full blast. Now and then an American staggers out on to the sidewalk, his head befuddled with the champagne that his own dry country forbids. He takes the air and gathers new strength. Joyful parties leap out of limousines and argue with the Negro doorkeeper, begging him to find them a place in the crowded room. As the door opens a hot smell surges out and cries of laughter and jazz music are heard. What extravagant cult is being celebrated here? The Charleston. You are in its temple. Here even the spectators become actors — all are forced to join the dance. As the nerve-racking orchestra plays on, a huge black hand comes down on the shoulder of a Yankee with gold teeth and horn-

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rimmed spectacles. The Negro has led over an opulent Brazilian lady, and he lifts this bald old gentleman out of his chair. Good taste or not, this has to be done in the interests of general hilarity, and the man does his turn with a ridiculous lack of skill. Can such pleasure be taxed too highly?

Under the majestic trees of the Bois de Boulogne the Venetian lanterns of the Château de Madrid illumine a very different kind of scene. Francis the First had a splendid castle built there to commemorate his captivity in Spain. Hence the name. It was demolished in 1793. The building that replaces it has preserved a good deal of its ancient nobility, especially for a modern hotel. It has much more style than the Armenonville Pavilion or the Ermitage, where a well-mannered aristocracy of refined elegance and circumspect distinction takes tea, eats dinner, and dances after the theatre.

When the Ambassadeurs flourished as a café-concert, its garden offered the public a simple and fresh breath of summer air. At the end of the day petty functionaries would come to drink a bock, and hear Paulus, Yvette Guilbert, and Polin. It is said that when Edward VII was Prince of Wales he was happy to take his place in one of its democratic chairs. What has become of that by-gone day? The Ambassadeurs is now Americanized, too. A monumental palace, with its restaurant, dancing place, and theatre, has raised imposing colonnades among these old trees. Wide benches run from the stage along an aisle down the middle of the room. Enormous rose-colored hydrangeas line the hall. On the right is a platform where an amazing orchestra with big, shiny instruments sits.

Our promenade is far from complete. Among the other fashionable functions are dinners at Ciro's, and those Sunday evenings at the Ritz to which the Marquis of Castellane has consecrated such piquant pages of his *Mémoires*. There are nights at the Perroquet or the Florida, where the gayety is as furious as a battle, and where women with pearls and chinchilla cloaks, who seem to have reached the age of reason, throw colored cotton balls at each other and dispute for the possession of paper caps and excelsior dolls. No doubt on the morning after these tumultuous soirées some little girl, finding her house full of favors that her parents have brought home, will cry out triumphantly: 'Now I understand. During the night they amuse themselves just as we do.' There is everything here that the inventive genius of Paris can imagine to distract people who insatiably demand joy, or — what is easier to provide — the illusion of joy.

Pictures can evoke the atmosphere of these places much more expressively than words. The artist sketches these types to life, catches their attitudes, and interprets the scene. As years go by fashions change, but sketches remain, revealing our own period to another generation, amused or ironic, indulgent or amazed. Like all epochs that follow great social convulsions, ours will undoubtedly enjoy a rather troublous renown. Its seductiveness will be vaunted, but moralists are likely to be too hard on us. Let them not blame us too much for its unruliness. There is another France that knows nothing about this daily fête. Foreigners who visit us are so glad to spread themselves without paying much that they pass it by. The Paris we offer them they have created in their own image.

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CHESS AND BRAINS[1]

BY GONZALO R. LAFORA

UNTIL recently chess has been considered exclusively a serious game or absorbing pastime which speedily converts its adepts into victims. Lately, however, it has become an educational method, an instrument of culture enormously useful in developing certain mental faculties, and has therefore come to be studied scientifically in its various practical applications.

People once believed that chess, like mathematics, required peculiar gifts — something more than merely a normally developed mentality. From this standpoint, it was an almost useless pastime, which laid such a strain on the powers of contemplation as to be positively harmful to the practical functions of the mind. It was, in short, an absorbing vice. Great chess players were an absurd variety of genius, rare types that consumed their brains solving unreal problems.

To-day's psychology tells us that this view is erroneous; and pedagogy, always ready to harvest the latest fruits of psychology, has begun to make use of chess as a means of mental training. The first psychotechnical experiments with chess took place in Russia during the great international tournament at Moscow in 1925. Among those present were the famous German player Lasker, professor of philosophy and world chess champion for twenty-five years, and the celebrated Cuban, Capablanca, who took the championship from Lasker in 1921.

[1] From *El Sol* (Madrid Liberal daily), *October* 20

The investigations were conducted by Professors Diakov, Rudik, and Petrovskii, of the Psychotechnic Laboratory of Moscow University. These psychologists have recently published their observations and deductions, which the well-known Viennese chess player Reti summarized in the *Wiener Schachzeitung* last September under the title, *Schachmeister als Objekte psychotechnischer Experimente.* The author tells us that the latest apparatus of experimental psychology was used to examine the players' memory, reflexes, attention, imagination, powers of observation, associative abilities, and emotional and affective tendencies. This method was said to analyze with mathematical precision the degree of development of each faculty in each individual. The synthetic mentality first invented by the Russian psychologist Rossolimo was then applied and an intellectual portrait was obtained.

The Moscow experiments are no curious innovation. Similar methods have been used on a large scale in the selection of workers for different trades, in the study of laborers' disabilities, and in the selection of suitable occupations for invalids. During the World War these tests were used to help place men in different branches of the Army. What, then, are the conclusions reached by the Moscow scientists in regard to chess?

Their object was twofold — to determine what mental qualities are characteristic of the great chess players, and to find in what direction chess

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playing could develop and improve an ordinary intelligence.

The very first result was the complete overthrow of the current idea that the gift of chess playing was a one-sided capacity, a sort of separate little compartment in the mind developed by certain individuals. Destroyed also was the belief that only absent-minded, cranky, visionary people possess this gift. The legend that chess players possess an extraordinary memory, because they can follow several games at once without looking at them, also fell to pieces. This, however, was a conclusion already reached by the French psychologist Binet, in a book published thirty years ago.

The psychotechnical experiments showed that the chess player possesses no better memory than that of the average man. His apparently phenomenal memory is the so-called professional faculty of depending on habit and knowledge of the game. It is like the professional memory of musicians, philologists, librarians, card players, or street-car conductors.

It was found that the chess player possesses no greater capacity for concentration than the average man. To be precise, his static attention is ordinary, while his so-called dynamic attention is unusually well developed, even hypertrophied. This is the faculty of immediately grasping and understanding new situations and changes, of taking in quickly and simultaneously a number of new facts, of altering one's course of action as fast as changes come. Dispersed attention and rapid adaptation are the opposite of the static attention that concentrates on one thing and ignores the rest. The Russian psychologists believe that, by helping dynamic attention to develop, excessive static attention can be overcome. Thus chess appears to boast real therapeutic value.

There is no such thing as special talent for chess — it is merely the conjunction of certain well-developed faculties. A tendency to abstract, formal, and objective thought in which the general predominates over the particular is essential to success in chess. Each special case should be considered from the purely general standpoint. This sounds like saying that the chess player and the mathematician are much alike. And so they are. The important difference between them is that the mathematician directs his efforts toward abstract problems, while the chess player works with concrete situations. For the player the chess game is not an abstract process torn from reality, but a living dramatic struggle with a strong emotional tinge — hence his passion for and lifelong loyalty to the game.

In other words, the mathematician applies his abstract judgment to abstract problems, while the chess player works on specific objects from an abstract point of view.

It was also found that in the chess player's mental efforts synthesis predominates over analysis: it is easier for him to depart from single elements and to form a total, almost globular image than to perform the reverse process. Experiments on this particular faculty produced record-breaking figures, and chess players in general scored high. His predominantly synthetic sense, his ability to harness his imagination, are what link the chess player to the artist.

The art of chess lies in obtaining rapidly a clear picture of each new position, in connecting this synthetic image with a number of previous images, and in making quick decisions. The utilitarian aspect of chess is that chess players apply their art in a peculiar way to their daily lives. Chess strategy bears a close resemblance to

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military strategy. It is known that Napoleon used to give much of his spare time to chess. The habits of seriousness, of mature decision, of analyzing particulars in order to use them in a synthesis, are essential to the strategist. Every so often we see a good chess player deliberately lose an important piece and place himself in a markedly inferior position to his adversary; but he does it with the definite purpose of obtaining a definite gain which will assure his victory. No one, of course, would think of comparing the extraordinary complexity of the human factors in a military situation to the modest complications of a chess game; but the same psychic mechanism is found in both.

Among chess players, as among strategists, many types of personality are found. Next to an intuitive and genial, we find a logical and scientific one. Extreme examples of these divergent types have been observed among great champions of chess. To his intuitive, genial nature the great ex-champion Lasker owed his repeated victories in so many international tournaments, where he developed again and again a new technique to face the innovations of young masters seeking to defeat him. The new world champion, Capablanca, on the other hand, is scientific and logical. His new theories of chess have radically changed Murphy's ancient principles, and have become the object of conscientious study.

Pedagogy is putting chess to useful educational ends through the interest and attraction which the game awakens in the child by adding imperceptibly to his practical and theoretical knowledge. Different games are extensively used in the Froebel and the Montessori systems, but Decroly has developed them into an even greater educational aid. He invented the most recent applications of the so-called 'centres of interest,' which concentrate the child's interest and urge him to discover the relations between things. For several years chess has been a distinct subject in the secondary schools of certain German cities. Paluzie, in his great treatise on chess, speaks of this quaint educational practice, and says that in Strobeck, near Halberstadt, nearly every inhabitant of the town plays chess.

In England chess is played among students in certain colleges, but chiefly as a sport. In France, a few years ago, the Minister of Education proposed that books on chess be included in the customary rewards bestowed upon the upper classes of the lycées and colleges, but the innovation was too great to take root, if we are to believe M. J. Lecoq's article on the subject. The Sixth International Labor Congress in Geneva recently recommended a wider knowledge of chess among the working classes, saying that 'this game possesses great educational and social value.'

Russia, always eager for innovation in the field of public education, made the next great step forward in this new application of chess and has organized the game officially. In 1925 there were some two hundred and twenty-three chess associations, with over seven thousand members, in Petrograd, and in Moscow a Central Chess Academy has been established in which the best chess players in the country give lessons to school-teachers so that chess may later be taught in schools all over Russia. The international tournament of 1925 was preceded by a national chess convention, won by the Russian Bogoliubov. In Russia, however, politics enter so much even into chess that neither the national nor the international tournament was open to Aliokhin, the only possible equal to Capablanca, and winner of the inter-

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national chess tournament at Baden-Baden. Several chess associations in different countries sent unsuccessful protests to Moscow. Aliokhin was never admitted. For political reasons Bogoliubov was also prevented from leaving Russia to represent his country in the international chess tournament at Semmering in Austria last March. This last prohibition was a spectacular protest by the Russian Government against the attempt on the life of a Soviet representative made in Vienna some time ago.

Chess may also be used some day as a method of revealing human character. Reti, the publicist, has spoken of this aspect of the game in his book, *Die neuen Ideen im Schachspiel*. He says: 'Chess is a purely spiritual struggle that excludes accident. Victory or defeat depends solely on spiritual fighting ability. This is what gives the game its deep importance. It can be quickly noticed whether a chess player is sad or gay; and not only is his state of mind revealed, but his character also. The overcautious and minutely precise man, the trickster hiding in ambush, the vacillating opportunist, all are easily recognizable, and in the long run they are defeated by an adversary who plays nobly and honestly, seeking the straight road, undeterred by difficulties.'

Pride, which plays the foremost part in chess, prevents dissimulations which our education forces us to exercise in other games and other social activities. Chess is a precious means of revealing personal traits of character which neither self-control nor even lifelong effort can modify or disguise. It is, indeed, a kind of allegory of our struggle for existence, except that in human evolution everything does not depend on the man himself, while in chess all external circumstances are eliminated. Chess reveals the longest, most conscious and intimate struggle in human existence — the struggle with one's self.

As might be expected of an activity practised by so many keenly intelligent men, chess can boast a veritable library of books, among them a number of philosophical volumes. The most famous of these — to speak only of modern works — is Lasker's *Kampf*, which is based on the biological necessity of fighting in human nature, and resembles such German panegyrics on the Great War as Nicolai's *Biology of War*. To Lasker, chess is a fighting game. Everyone, he says, needs to fight; either in sport, chess, or cards, one must test one's strength and strive for victory. This is a kind of compensation for modern social life, in which we are merely part of a machine to which we must submit or adapt ourselves. These games, then, are the modern symbols of the fighting existence of primitive man, of his biological urge to survive and vanquish, which gained him supremacy over other living creatures. In the modern life these instincts are suppressed by our surroundings in the form of laws, customs, and religion, and only appear veiled in the form of sports, games, commerce, and suchlike.

In an interesting chapter on 'Strategy' Lasker analyzes the science of war, distinguishing between tactics and strategy, and applying his principles to the different elements in chess.

Similar ideas have been recently expounded by H. Knoch in a series of articles in the *Wiener Schachzeitung* (1925), under the title, 'Strategy and Tactics,' in which he studies the characteristics of the most prominent contemporary chess players, classifying them as 'philosophy' in Lasker, 'mechanics' in Capablanca, and 'dogmatics' in Tarrasch. At the end of his book Lasker makes a list of forty rules of conduct which he calls manœuvres

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and which he thinks are applicable to any game or fight. On the whole his volume is an analysis of the essential factors in every struggle, such as time, velocity, number, resistance, economy; his abstract treatment of the subject merely indicates the general rules expounded in such individual chapters as 'Working Principle'; 'The Principle of Economy'; 'Equilibrium and Predominance'; 'The Principles of Logic and Justice.' Lasker's treatise lifts to a superior plane questions and ideas of apparently secondary importance, which is a peculiar power of philosophic thought.

All the modern writers on chess, however, show the same tendency to raise their favorite pastime from the level of a mere game to that of a science. Reti devotes a chapter, entitled 'An Old Question,' to this theme.

The history of chess presents this curious phenomenon. The game has invariably gained great popularity during the most flourishing period of a nation's career. In the Middle Ages the highly cultured Arabs brought chess to Europe. In the sixteenth century, when Spain and Portugal were flourishing kingdoms, the first treatises on chess, such as the *Apertura* of Ruy Lopez, were published. During the Italian Renaissance Polerio and Greco were famous chess players. During the Napoleonic period France produced Philidor and Labourdonnais. And in the twentieth century chess has made great progress in England, Germany, Russia, and North America.

The reasons for this are obvious. Whenever a nation has attained superior culture the biological fighting urge has demanded a game requiring great mental strength. Equal progress has been made in science, economics, and art thanks to the strength and energy of a given people at a given time.

The crisis in modern culture, due to war and to such new scientific ideas as relativity and to such artistic manifestations as cubism, expressionism, and Dadaism, is also manifest in the evolution of chess. Classical theories are being attacked by champions of the new generation. Nimzovich is called the founder of the 'neoromantic' and fantastic school of chess. After him came the 'hypermoderns' like Tartakover, with their spirit of secession, pretending to modify the scientific principles laid down by Steinitz, of whom Lasker is the disciple.

One of the originators of a new chess style is Aliokhin, who opposes his nervous, dynamic game to the old, dry, and static technique dominated by strategic principles. Aliokhin learned from Capablanca, whom he met in 1914, the new dynamic principles, and his movement has been joined by Bogoliubov and Breyer.

According to the new principles of Capablanca, each move must be considered as part of a plan. No independent moves are allowed. This is the opposite of Murphy's theory, where each move contained a possibility of unexpected later development. This is the reason for the immense interest awakened by the struggle between Lasker and Capablanca in 1921. Lasker argued that the interesting elément in a chess match was not any particular case but rather the general law that could be deduced from it. This was opposed by the artistically inclined innovators, who were more interested in particulars, in exceptions, and in whatever seemed to disagree with the classical principles of the game. Capablanca's victory gave a great impulse to the new ideas, which were later developed and freed of certain former weaknesses.

Reti compares these innovations to expressionism in art. His ideal, he says,

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is not what used to be called 'a sane game,' or 'a natural development' that imitates the processes of nature. He prefers the freest play of nature's most advanced product, the human brain, which should enjoy full creative liberty to bring forth independent cerebral constructions. 'Don't let us strive to imitate nature,' he says; 'let us rather give reality to our own ideas.'

Capablanca represents the revolutionary spirit in chess. He believes that at the present stage of this game's evolution a player who knows how to defend himself technically can avoid being conquered by a much stronger adversary, and may succeed continuously in playing to a draw. Since this is impossible in other games, he proposes certain reforms which will reward a player's superior qualities even when the match remains even.

These, more or less, are the high points in the chess situation to-day.

CHRISTMAS IN THE DESERT[1]

BY SVEN HEDIN

Of all the Christmas seasons I have spent in the heart of Asia, the one which marked the end of the nineteenth century was the most memorable, the most eventful, and the most solemn. For solitude and silence, no part of the earth's solid surface can compare with this desert belt; for Sahara is spanned by caravan paths, the interior of Arabia is probably known in part to certain Arabian tribes, the glacial wastes of Greenland and the Antarctic have been penetrated by daring Europeans, and the highest mountain peaks in the world, Mount Everest, Godwin-Austen, Kanchanjanga, Daulagiri, and Gaurisankar, even if never trodden by human feet, have at least been seen from the surrounding country. Even from the overheated lowlands of India one can discern, on a clear summer day, the finely powdered snow whipped like tattered battle standards from these peaks by the southwest monsoon. But within recorded history no human being ever strayed into the interior of the Takla Makan Desert. Only in its extreme western part had this desert been crossed — once in 1895, when I lost my entire caravan and half of my servants in its depths, and again in 1896, when I successfully traversed this expanse from Keriya Darya to Tarim.

The Takla Makan Desert forms a gigantic ellipse, extending from west to east, enclosed between the two mountain chains of Tien Shan and Kun Lun. In its northern part the River Tarim flows eastward to Lake Lob Nor, and from its southern mountains the tributary Cherchen Darja winds toward the same goal. The extreme eastern part of the desert extends between these two rivers, and there it was that I attempted to make a crossing in the latter part of December, 1899.

For three months I had been drift-

[1] From *Julstämning* (Swedish Christmas annual), 1925

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ing on a ferry down the wide river, and on December 7 I was caught in the ice near Lake Jangi-Koll, or 'Big Lake,' on the right bank of the Tarim. There I had arranged to meet my caravan, and there in huts and tents we established our headquarters for the winter. On December 20, after excursions in different directions, I stood prepared to set out for the desert. The few fishermen of East Turkish extraction whose huts lay along the banks considered me completely insane. They assured me that not a single man or camel would come out alive from such a daring venture. Not a straw of grass or a drop of water was to be found in its sandy interior. We should die of thirst, and an impenetrable silence would for all time shroud our fate.

On the left river-bank the country is prairielike, with thin belts of forest here and there. On the right bank the sand dunes rise at an angle of thirty-five degrees to a height of almost three hundred feet. These are the extreme outposts of the Takla Makan Desert in the prairie country of Lower Tarim. Standing on their crest and looking westward, one sees nothing but a sea of fine yellow sand, heaped in gigantic waves almost three hundred feet high, stretching for thirty miles westward, and broken only in one single place, where the River Khotan Darja during a few short summer months pushes its waters northward toward the Tarim. There is nevertheless a certain regularity in the structure of the sand desert. It soon becomes apparent that the dune crests as well as the valleys between them run from northeast to southwest, and that these valleys form chains of sandless depressions from six hundred feet to about a mile across, and separated by high sand hills.

I set out on my journey from the right bank of the Tarim and followed Lake Jangi-Koll, whose frozen fresh water filled the first depression, while the subsequent ones were dry. Ten camels and four men accompanied me. We carried a heavy load, consisting for the most part of blocks of clear river ice sewn in bags. For the rest, we carried three camel-loads of fuel, provisions for one month, cooking utensils, buckets, fur coats, tools, and a variety of necessary camp equipment. For the first four days three men and three camels loaded with ice and fuel stayed with us, and then they returned to headquarters.

At first a strong northeast wind swept fine dust over the desert sea. All color vanished, the view was obliterated, and, compass in hand, we found our way by following as far as possible the depressions, where the ground was easiest for the camels. On December 23 we still were plodding our first ten miles in the desert — one cannot accomplish more in this trying and exhausting country. Our whole journey amounted to one hundred and fifty miles in a straight line, but we were obliged to cover more in the deep sand, since it was necessary to avoid the highest passes.

It is a comparatively easy task to encamp on a forced desert march. We had no tents, and the five of us slept under the open sky. The camels were tied and fed their sparse evening meal. Their loads were so placed that they could be fastened in the saddles the next morning with a single turn of the hand. We allowed ourselves three logs of wood, hung our pot over the fire, and boiled our rice and the water for our tea. At first by the glow of the camp fire, and later by the light of a lamp, I entered the events of the day in my diary. We then went to rest on a heavy blanket spread on the ground, wrapping ourselves in fur coats, and soon after finishing our evening meal we were all asleep. The wind died down during the night, and the moon cast its pale silvery

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light over us. I sat up and looked around. How strange, how fearfully lonely it was. The only sound was the slow, deep, quiet breathing of the camels. Their shadows lay black on the sand. The men were asleep. The last glowing embers had died out. I wondered what the moon might think of us. For ages it had looked down over this country of silence without finding a single trace of life. To-night, however, men and camels lay asleep among the dunes, far from water and pastures.

On the morning of December 24 the air was quite clear, and after a night with a temperature of eleven degrees the sun rose over the dune crests in the east, pouring gold over the sand. The hours of shadow had passed, and the yellow hues returned with the light. The desert spread out around us in every direction. We arose, allowed ourselves a few more logs of wood, made tea, and ate breakfast. Relieved of their burdens, the auxiliary teams were allowed to return northwest to headquarters, while we continued toward the southeast. The three returning men and camels stood out sharply in silhouette on the crest of the highest dune. Before long they vanished from our sight, and the last link between us and the outside world was broken.

The tenseness of the situation now increases, and its allure is as inexplicable as it is irresistible. The desert bewitches and attracts. Even though they fear its evil spirits, men cannot free themselves of its mysterious power. The three who departed in the morning begged and implored me to take them all the way. But no trace of organic life is here, not a single wind-borne leaf or the smallest plant. From time to time we probe the ground with our spades to ascertain whether there is any prospect of striking water. But after penetrating less than a foot we come upon a layer of solid salt — a remnant, no doubt, of a pristine inland sea in the heart of Asia. Ahead of us are yellow cubes and terraces resembling the ruins of Chinese fortress walls. Upon reaching them we find they are shore formations from vanished lakes, subsequently moulded by the wind. No one knows what the desert hides in its bosom. We only realize that the camels will succumb unless we find grazing and water within a certain number of days. From each new dune crest we reconnoitre ahead, and I secretly hope that the smallest green oasis may have been left in some valley since the time when the flying sand was first carried by the wind over East Turkestan, strangling all vegetation under its shifting dunes. But as far as the horizon there is nothing but giant waves of sand. In vain we look for antelopes or gazelles dashing swift as the wind across the sand. In vain we listen for the howling of wolves at night. Here reigns the silence of a walled tomb whose iron gate has been closed forever. During the day's journey this silence is broken only by the moaning wind and by the sound of the copper bells on the necks of our camels.

We have burned our bridges behind us. No further help can be received from headquarters. Already the wind has blotted out our traces in the sand, except at the very bottom of the even depressions. We can save our lives only by forced marches to the southwest, where I know the River Cherchen Darja flows. Each mile is a gain, each successful day's journey increases our prospects of escape. Consequently we are under a tension which grows as our chief provision of vital importance, the ice supply, dwindles.

Again the wind has risen and the fine dust has begun to fly. Our view is clouded, although not enough to

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prevent my seeing how the dunes rise ever higher along our route. Compass in hand, I walk ahead of the caravan in order to pilot it through passes where the sand is even and hard. The clanking of the camels' bells keeps time with their measured steps. They ring in Christmas, for to-day is Christmas Eve. We travel over the yellow sand dunes as to a feast. Or will this journey end as disastrously as my trip of five years ago? If we are to perish, our journey is toward death, and a funeral procession is always solemn. But no thought of death must gain possession of my mind on Christmas Eve. The sound of the bells reminds me of vespers and of Christmas Morning services at home. But now a desert Christmas is to be celebrated.

The dunes rise ever higher, reaching an altitude of one hundred and ninety feet. I walk as through a highland of sand hills, and the camels follow my steps with regal dignity. I reach a point from which the dunes incline sharply toward the southwest, and far off a small hollow is discernible, different from all previous depressions. It resembles a terrible abyss. Its even bottom of black soil is surrounded by a white ring of salt. At first thought I decide to pass by this place of horror, but in doing so we should reach still higher sand. Thus we are compelled to camp here, for we have already covered about ten miles, all that the camels can endure.

In this place, then, I was to celebrate the Christmas of 1899. What hopeless, endless solitude, far from every approach to human dwellings! Over six hundred miles separated us from the nearest Christians, three or four Swedish missionaries at Kashgar. There were no spruce trees, no snow, no gay travelers hurrying to jolly feasts. We were alone with the solemn silence of the desert and with the stars twinkling feebly through the veil of sand.

When the camels had been attended to and the fire lit under the pot, I wrapped myself in my furs and took my place among the men, where the fire offered comfort. My Mohammedan companions were totally unaware that one of the greatest Christian feasts began this very evening. Christmas Eve in solitude is always heavy and long; its hours creep slowly, and as one longs for night and sleep the Christmas memories of former years return.

I watched the fantastic play of a single flame flickering over the last embers, and as usual wrote my diary by lantern light. Finally I wrapped myself in my furs and lay staring at the stars, the only link between the desert and my home. I followed the slow hours on their course, and at each moment thought how the Christmas celebration was progressing at home. Now they gathered for dinner, now the Christmas table was being spread, now my mother seated herself at the piano and played the simple old Swedish tune announcing Christmas, while my father, sisters, brothers, relatives, and the servants joined in a dance around the illuminated Christmas tree. Big clothes baskets full of presents were carried in, and their distribution was attended by many a surprise. It seemed that I could hear the more or less witty verses read — something that never failed to create enthusiasm, especially among the recipients. But long before the Christmas feast at home was over, midnight had swept across the desert. Merciful sleep slowly stole over the sand. Though still half awake, I was on my way to the land of dreams and could plainly hear my heart beating and the chronometers ticking. I imagined I was lying on the shores of

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a lake over whose quiet surface a rowboat was gliding, but suddenly I recovered myself and found that the oar-strokes were only the measured breathing of the camels. I seemed to hear the steps of wild camels in herds hurrying over the sand, but it merely was a faint night breeze caressing the tops of the dunes.

One who during many journeys has had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mysterious spell of the desert finds no exaggeration in the wonderful accounts of the intrepid Marco Polo, who on his way to China in 1274 followed the southern edge of the desert of Takla Makan. He tells us that the travelers who pass here in large caravans must be on their guard against the witchery and mystical illusions which make a mockery of the sons of men. Anyone is lost who becomes separated from his company or falls behind the rest. He hears the sound of drums and is led off his path by the alluring music which irresistibly he follows. Spirit voices call his name, and he hastens after them, thinking they are his fellow travelers searching for him. But the voices keep receding, and he follows them step by step, until he succumbs from exhaustion and thirst.

But the spirit voices that whispered around me on that last Christmas Eve of the nineteenth century were an array of memories from my old home, and gradually they danced away, while the stars continued their silent course across the desert.

TEACHER JENSEN[1]

BY KARIN MICHAELIS

If the school-children had cared to look about them while they were playing hide-and-seek during recess, they would have seen the sharp tower of a mighty building piercing the air beyond a distant clump of trees. Unless you knew better, you would have believed that it was a castle where knights and beautiful ladies ate game off golden plates and on Sundays regaled themselves with macaroons. But the school-children did know better. They knew, forgot, and remembered again, that it was a prison standing near them, where prisoners lived, each in his own cell, never seeing each other except at church, where black masks disguised their faces. They knew and forgot and remembered again.

Lauritz Thomsen belonged there. Not that he had done anything to be ashamed of — God forbid! But his father was the cook for the prison, and Lauritz knew what the prisoners got to eat — and what they did not get. He lived, so to speak, in prison, but apart from these men with the black masks. He was so accustomed to taking the short cut across the fields to the high red wall and walking through the entrance portal, which was immediately closed and bolted after him, that it all seemed like nothing extraordinary.

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *December* 25, 1925

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He could see it in no other light. But if his schoolmates began to ask him questions he would hold his peace and blush to the roots of his hair.

His mother worried and grieved about the prison, and sought as best she could to forget what was going on. Filling her windows with flowers, she tried to silence her unpleasant thoughts about the poor creatures breathing the deathly cellar air behind those iron bars. She laid by penny upon penny in the hope of saving enough to buy a little country inn, or any kind of establishment far away from the Living Cemetery, as the prison was called. During her dreams she cried aloud, waking her children, for she always saw people with black masks on their faces swarming behind walls and windows and threatening to kill her. Evil dreams arise from evil thoughts, it is said, but Frau Thomsen could have no evil thoughts. She had only once in her life gone through the prison. It still froze her with terror to think of it, and she could not understand how her husband could sing and enjoy himself at the end of his day's work. Nor could she comprehend how he could speak of the prisoners as if they were friends or comrades. When he began to carry on in this way she would leave the room and not come back until he had promised to talk about something else.

Children are children. They can accustom themselves to wading in a river where crocodiles sleep, or to playing in a jungle where snakes hang from the trees. Children become accustomed to living near a prison just as they get used to a father who drinks or a mother who scolds. They think of it, forget it, and remember it again. Thoughts glide across their minds like shadows; for a moment everything seems dark, and suddenly the sun shines once more.

Whenever a prisoner escaped, the school-children were thrown into a great commotion. They followed the pursuit from afar, listening to the shots, the alarm signals, the whistles. They leaned out of windows and saw the prison wardens rushing in all directions, on foot and on horseback. Nothing was so exciting as a man hunt, either over winter snow or over green summer fields. When the fugitive was taken, peace descended upon all their souls. Now the only question was what punishment would be meted out to the victim, and all eyes were turned toward Lauritz. But Lauritz said nothing. He was ashamed without quite knowing why.

Prison and the prisoners would be forgotten save when a boy or girl at play would suddenly gape at the high towers to the east, jutting up there above the forest.

The children had a new teacher. He was called Teacher Jensen — nothing more. If he had a Christian name, he was never called by it. Just Teacher Jensen. And Teacher Jensen was little and frail, and Teacher Jensen's voice was as little and frail as he. But there was a wonderful quality in his voice, like a violin that makes a much louder noise than anyone would believe possible. The children did not sleep in his classes. They were not even drowsy. In his classes they forgot to write notes to each other or secretly to eat bread and butter behind their desks. They only listened and asked questions. Teacher Jensen had an answer for everything. They could ask Teacher Jensen all kinds of questions. But sometimes he would shake his head and say: 'I seem to have forgotten it. Let me think a minute.' Or worse yet: 'I don't know. I never knew it. But I will look it up. It is to be found in some book, or a friend will tell me the answer.' The children found that

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there was something splendid about having a teacher of whom you could ask all kinds of questions and who sometimes did not know the answer offhand.

Teacher Jensen talked about new things and old, and his speech was not like pepper shaken from a pepper pot. Even while the children were playing in the fields, they would remember what he had said. Yes, it remained fast in their minds.

One day Teacher Jensen said that murder was by no means the worst thing a man could do, and that it was much worse to think or say or do evil to another human being, or to make a defenseless animal suffer. And the children were full of wonder. It seemed that a new door had been opened to them, and each passed through it, one after another. Yes, it was true, what he said. They understood his meaning clearly, but they cast their eyes down, for all of them knew they had often done what was much worse than murder. Perhaps they would do it again, but not willingly, never willingly. Yet there was another thing worse than murder, and that was to act without using your will.

One day Teacher Jensen brought with him a sick, whining little cat which he had found on his way to school. He had put it under his cloak to keep it warm, and he stroked its back and its sharp little head. It was an ugly, gray, dirty cat. Teacher Jensen did not tell the children what he was going to do with it, but simply sat with the cat in his lap and rubbed his cheek against its head. To the children this poor little sick gray cat was the whole world. They took a silent vow that they would cure it. Through Teacher Jensen's little gray cat they had peered deep into the soul of an animal, and what they saw was more beautiful and more pure than a human soul.

Teacher Jensen often went on Sunday excursions with the children. Whoever wanted to could come, and all of them wanted to. It so happened that one Sunday morning in the autumn they were walking among falling leaves, and the earth clung to their shoes in little lumps. It had been raining, and was likely to rain again. Traversing a bit of open country, they soon entered the big forest in the distance. Ahead of them was the 'castle' that was a prison. Lauritz ran in to get a scarf. Teacher Jensen saw him and drew his hand over his eyes, and as he cast down his eyes it was clear that he had been crying; but no one asked anything, no one spoke. They arrived at a vast grove of fir trees standing in long rows, with their evergreen branches above and their yellow trunks below. Teacher Jensen explained that such a forest could grow from a mere handful of tiny grains. The children knew this perfectly well; yet it sounded quite new. They suddenly understood that trees lived, breathed, and thought, that they strove for the light as poor people strive for bread.

'Now let's begin the game,' said Teacher Jensen. 'Let's imagine that this forest of fir trees is a prison, and that we are all prisoners, each in his own cell. Let us do this for one hour. I am holding a watch in my hand. During that hour let no one speak, for we are prisoners, and speech is forbidden.'

This was a new game, a peculiar game. The rain had stopped some time ago, but drops were still falling from the high trees. The children stood, each under his own tree, and felt the water dripping and dripping on cheeks and hands. The children stood with the water dripping off them, laughing and shouting to each other side by side, cell by cell. Slowly the

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laughter died and their faces became serious. All eyes were directed toward Teacher Jensen, who stood with the watch in his hand. He seemed to see nobody, and did not announce when the hour should begin.

The children felt as if they ought to hold their breath, for surely something important and serious was afoot. It was not like the times when they had gone out with other teachers, when hatred and pride cropped up as soon as the school door was closed. This was serious, and each breath was like a bucketful of water from a deep, deep well. Was time standing still? Had not many hours already passed? Were they really prisoners after all? They did not crawl away, though there was nothing to stop them. Teacher Jensen did not look around him at all, yet as soon as any of the children thought of creeping away they could not help remembering what happened when a prisoner escaped and they heard the shots ring out, the alarm bells clang, the whistles blow, and saw the wardens riding off in all directions hunting the fugitive. Their feet would not obey them — they were bound fast by Teacher Jensen's word; the outstretched hand with the watch held them in their places. Yes, they were prisoners, each in his own cell, and darkness settled and a gentle mist descended, veil upon veil.

Was this what it was like being a prisoner?

The hour was up.

Everyone sighed with relief, yet they all stood quiet for a moment, as if they could not really believe that they had regained their freedom. Then they sprang up and clustered around Teacher Jensen, asking him questions. It was growing dark, and he put his watch in his pocket, saying: 'It is just as hard to be a prison watchman as to be a prisoner.'

The children had never thought of this before, and after a long pause Teacher Jensen added: 'The lot of the prison warden is the hardest of all, for he can do nothing for the prisoners; and in his heart he wants to help them all he can, yet they are not able to read his thoughts.'

And after another pause he said: 'I knew a man who spent seventeen years in prison and then died there.'

When Lauritz reached home his mother was sitting at the piano playing and singing. The smell of freshly baked cake filled the room. On the table stood a glass bowl of apples. Lauritz's father sat on a chair smoking his pipe. Without knowing just what he said or why he said it, Lauritz went up to the piano and whispered in his mother's ear: 'When I am a big man I shall be a prison warden.'

'What did you say?' she cried. 'A prison warden, Lauritz? In there with those people? Never!'

Lauritz repeated: 'When I am a big man I shall be a prison warden.'

And then something happened that was never explained. Who had the idea first no one knew. Perhaps it entered all those little heads at the same time, in that hour when they were standing, each a prisoner under his own tree, each in his own cell — just in a single hour.

When Teacher Jensen was told about the plan, he only nodded as if he had known about it long ago. But when they begged him to talk to the prison inspector, since their scheme was contrary to all regulations, he shook his head, saying: 'It is your idea. You must carry it out. It is up to you, if you believe in yourselves, to stand fast by your beliefs.'

That was two months before Christmas, and all the school-children, big and little, boys and girls, were there. Money was the first necessity, and it

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had to be collected in modest amounts and earned in an honorable way. Teacher Jensen said that if the gift was not honest no good came of it. The children all saved the money that they would ordinarily have spent on sweets and on stamps for their albums. They went on little errands, chopped wood, carried water, and scrubbed milk cans, wooden buckets, and copper tubs. The money was put into a big earthenware pig that Teacher Jensen had put in the wardrobe at school. No one knew who gave the most or who gave the least.

Lauritz announced that, including the seventeen sick people, there were three hundred and ten prisoners in the jail.

In the middle of December the pig was broken and the money was counted over and over, but it did not amount to much. Then a little fellow came with his little private savings bank, and a girl with a little earthen receptacle in which she kept her spare pennies. That started them off. Many little hoardings destined for Christmas presents were emptied into the great common fund at school. See how it grew! Shiny paper was now bought, and flags and walnuts. Every day the whole school stayed until supper time cutting out and pasting. The little girls made white and red roses. They wove baskets, gilded walnuts, pasted flags on little sticks, and cut out cardboard stars, painting them gold and silver. The little ones made, out of clay, birds' nests with eggs in them, and little horses and cows that they covered with bright colors so they looked like real live animals. The boys cut out photographs and made little boxes. With jig saws they fashioned napkin rings and paper weights.

Christmas trees were bought — three hundred and ten real fir trees, for which the gardener charged only twenty-five pfennigs apiece.

Teacher Jensen emptied his purse on the desk. It had once been black, but it had long since turned brown, and was full of cracks. 'That belonged to the man who spent seventeen years in prison,' he announced. 'He had it there with him. He kept it there for seventeen long years.'

No one asked who the man was, but the money had to be counted over many times, for the children's eyes were moist and they had to keep wiping the tears away.

On the Sunday before Christmas the children went with Teacher Jensen to the local store and bought a lot of tobacco and chocolate, almonds and raisins, playing cards and brightly colored handkerchiefs, and writing paper. And they got a lot of old Christmas books too, which were given to them free because they were at the bottom of the pile and were out of date.

The parents of the children had to contribute whether they wanted to or not, and bags full of cookies and nuts, playing cards and books, came out of each house.

Lauritz's father had spoken in all secrecy to the prison chaplain, who went as a representative to the inspector. But the inspector hemmed and hawed, saying: 'That goes against all regulations. It's impossible. It can't be allowed on any ground whatever.' The chaplain was to have told this to Lauritz's father, and Lauritz was to have brought the news to the children that the plan had to be abandoned. But the chaplain said nothing to Lauritz's father, and the children did not know that it was impossible and could never be allowed.

All the parents, no matter how much they had to do, made a point of going into the schoolhouse the day before Christmas and seeing the three hundred little sparkling Christmas trees, each laden with joy, each with its star on the

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top, each with its white and red roses, white and red flags, and white and red candles, each decorated with tinsel and hung with gifts. To every tree a little letter was fastened, written by a boy or a girl. What was in this letter only the writer and perhaps Teacher Jensen knew — for Teacher Jensen had to help the little ones who only knew how to print numbers and capital letters.

The church bells rang over the town and called the faithful to God's worship. The prison bells rang out over the prison and called the prisoners to the prison church. Before the school was drawn up a row of wagons which had been laden with the little Christmas trees. Each child then took his tree under his arm and set out, following the wagons, singing as he went. It was a Christmas party without snow, but a Christmas party just the same.

Stopping before the prison, they rang the bell, and asked to speak to the inspector. He came out, and the moment he appeared Teacher Jensen and all the children began to sing: '*O, du fröhliche, o, du selige, gnadenbringende Weihnachtszeit. . . .*'

The inspector shook his head sadly and raised his hands in the air. It was impossible, absolutely impossible — he had said so. But the children kept right on singing, and seemed not to hear him. As the inspector afterward said, when the director of all the prisons in that district demanded an explanation: 'A man is only human, and had you been in my place, Mr. Director, you would have done as I did, even if it had cost you your position.'

Thus it came to pass that this one time Christmas was celebrated in each cell of the big prison — a good, happy, cheerful Christmas. When the prisoners came back from the worship of God with their black masks on their faces they found a Christmas tree in every cell, and the cell doors stood open until the candles had burned out, and the prisoners received permission to go freely from cell to cell all through the corridor to look at each other's Christmas trees and gifts — to look at them and to compare them. But each prisoner thought that his little tree and his present were the most beautiful and the best of all.

When the last light had burned out, the doors were closed, and far into the night the prisoners sang the Christmas carols of their childhood, free from distress, grief, and all spitefulness.

And as the last light flickered out behind the high walls the thin figure of a man with his coat collar up over his ears and his hat pulled over his face crept along the prison wall. Through the night air he heard the voices singing, '*Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht.*'

Clasping his hands tightly together and raising them aloft into the darkness, he cried: 'I thank thee, father. Thy guilt has been atoned for ten times over.'

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VERDI AND ROMANTICISM[1]

BY FRANZ WERFEL

THE nineteenth century's definition of art, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, ran as follows: 'The artist is a genial hysteric whose productive gifts make up for his unhealthy and unhelpful natural inclinations.' Mankind was divided into two classes — on the one side the felon and on the other the psychopath, with the artist halfway between the two. Inspiration? Another expression for irregular work. Dæmonic spirit? Nothing but irresponsibility. The same comical misconception of art underlay everything. The artist was considered the very opposite of the bourgeois. People forgot that there is no more exaggeratedly bourgeois type than the artist. He is the last person in the world to accept the Socialist idea of renouncing his individuality.

For more than fifty years this conception of art has flourished, and it can be traced directly to the European romantic movement. During this time there has hardly been a creative genius who has not felt — without, perhaps, suspecting it — a desire to *épater le bourgeois*. Art itself has occupied an exceptional position, for æsthetics has been proclaimed as something higher than human nature. The development of big cities and the decay of the ruling class into an hysterical group have culminated in a state of uncontrolled admiration for art, due in part to our natural incapacity and in part to the excellence of our education. It naturally followed that our esteem was reserved for what people could not keep under direct control. The paradox alone is sound.

Yet the paradox is nothing but the grimace of defeat.

A thousand different kinds of madness can be discerned in this sick world. Let us not deceive ourselves. Nothing has undergone a fundamental change. People may now praise a cold-snouted, mechanical kind of art, but it is a paradox again — simply the reaction of today against the reaction of yesterday. The tendency to *épater le bourgeois* has been replaced by a tendency to *épater les artistes*.

This may be too rough a picture of the development of the romantic idea of art since the time of Beethoven. It must therefore be said here and now that the entire life, will, and work of Giuseppe Verdi flew in the face of this romantic tradition. He fought this enemy all his life, and we can follow its tragic motif in his letters home. A wild, strong-nerved nature such as his must have recognized itself as an anachronism at a time when only the neurotic was reverenced as high art. Verdi was a creature of this earth, ready to grapple with reality in every form, and he must have felt that his very soundness was a handicap. A stormy genius who only distinguishes between black and white and does not care for the half shades and delicate distinctions saw himself beaten in a world of pale, varying colors and confused vagueness.

The only world renown he attained

[1] From *Die Literarische Welt* (Berlin literary weekly), *October* 22

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was theatrical and newspaper renown, and fame that had to do with these two institutions he despised. The highest glory, the godlike esoteric splendor that clings to a great name, seemed to be denied him. He was placed in the first rank of capable theatrical composers, but he was never recognized for the genius that he was. And he was a genius, because time has proved him so.

In all the master's letters describing his work we discover a significant atmosphere of depression. When we read them more carefully we find that this unproblematical Verdi was an unhappy man. Unproblematical? Only dabblers are problematical at the end of a century. The unproblematical is the exception, and the real problem. The biography of this character and of his operas is simple enough. Our only question is to understand what his letters signify. In order to do this, we must grasp the surroundings of our composer correctly, and know what decisive impulse it was that governed his musical output. The young German and French musicians in 1830 were in violent opposition to the artistic tendencies of his country. France is Paris, and Paris is a great social oligarchy. The grand opera there is not conquered with talent or performers, but with sly references, trickery, wirepulling, compromise, and other cynical devices at which the parvenu heroes of Balzac and Stendhal were such experts. The artist who wants to get along in this kind of world must be either an expert at shady compromise or an æsthetic outlaw like Berlioz.

In small-town Germany the theatre lacked this atmosphere of snobbishness and greed, so highly developed in the electric atmosphere of a big world-capital. Richard Wagner had no other enemy to defeat than the provincial gossip who discusses everything that is approved in the outer world. In anxious solitude he built his theatre out of nothing at all. Art flourished in it, for his very solitude bred an atmosphere favorable to individual artistic achievement.

How different it was in Italy! Hundreds of opera companies were traveling from place to place, employing a vast number of fine artists, who not only preserved the national traditions of singing, but were also the sole guardians of a dramatic, musical, and productive technique two hundred years old.

Here opera is life, and by no means a small part of everyone's life. Statistics show that within ten years of Verdi's time fifty new operas were written in Italy. While in other parts of the world the demand for art was far less than the supply, here it was greater. Foreign opera houses were therefore devoted exclusively to Italian productions.

The Italian composer could not escape from the stream of influence in which he lived, and was no longer free to strike out in whatever direction he pleased. The great talents of Bellini and Donizetti succumbed to this flood during their early youth, and the genius of Rossini no less. Verdi alone, the strongest of them all, was victorious. He succeeded in swimming against the current and keeping his head above water.

Verdi's superiority to his predecessors and contemporaries lies in the fact that he never wrote anything he did not like, no matter how adverse the conditions might be. His unbending determination equaled only by that of Richard Wagner, succeeded within a few years in bending the whole Italian opera tradition to its will. It was opposed by powerful enemies — publishers, impresarios, singers, orchestras, and, last but not least, librettists. Verdi's letters show that he wrote his own text, that he put his own scenario

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together, conceived his own characters, wrote every dialogue, and left to the 'author' nothing but the prose, which he had recast into metrical form. Alas, most of this prose is better than the opera poetry into which the versifying Verdi transformed it.

With a close musical corporation in the saddle, and with the masters composing their texts blindly merely to meet a certain demand, this young dramatist had to take a road so arduous as to make his life a burden. He broke all precedents by refusing to compose extra songs for encores. He allowed no alterations in his book, and the parts had to be sung in exactly the right costume. He tyrannized over the tyrants, especially the strongest tyrants of them all, the theatre managers and the publishers.

There is no need to give the reader any account of the contents of this correspondence, for it can all be found in the letters. But it would be a complete mistake to imagine, on the basis of these letters, that Verdi was primarily interested in making even as much money as we nowadays pardon an artist for wanting.

Verdi was no moneygrubber. A lively sense of social justice free from low motives determined his conduct toward the managers. He used all his strength to prevent these idle and cunning business men from enjoying the fruits of his compositions and from doing him material and moral damage.

We have seen how Giuseppe Verdi treated his native opera and how that opera world treated him. Unlike a German or, to a less degree, a Frenchman of the period, he could not overthrow musical canons. These could not be made the plaything of a composer's will; they were part of the living organism of opera, and had little to do with the composer himself. And he had no desire to change them, for they were really Italian, the very essence of his own being, and they alone saved him from being a different kind of musician from what he really was.

Ten years of strife gave strength to his body and soul. To him everything arising from the spirit was art, but it also had to be moulded in a definite way by the mind. Thus he resembled the early painters, who did not mix their colors on a palette, but by laying them directly on to the picture fulfilled their simple task and satisfied their highest intentions. Technique and self-revelation were unknown. There was no such thing as an atelier; but the musical world in civilized countries was not an atelier either. The only kind of art that was good for anything was self-revelation. In his Italian revolutionary hymns Verdi did not feel like a conquering hero. He had to be himself, the sworn enemy of the romantic spirit.

'In musical matters the Italians are like the Chinese,' said Adam. 'They only understand their own music.' In his middle forties Verdi was introduced to the world at large as a real Italian. He had written an opera for Her Majesty's Theatre in London, and another for the opera house in Paris. These performances he attended with unsuspecting naïveté. He lacked the refinement of his forerunners, who had always written for Paris something different, something more knowing, more elegant, than they would write for their own country. Verdi was writing at a time when Italian music was already beginning to be intolerable. Yet he wrote for France and England in a more Italian style than he did for his own country, to which he had already given *Macbeth*.

Perhaps this was not only inevitable, but a typical manifestation of his character too. The defeat he suf-

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fered was not like a failure at home, where a poor opera was whistled off the stage, laughed to death, and forgotten without any serious moral damage to the composer. Italians were all accustomed to that kind of thing. From among a hundred fruits not many can be ripe at the same time. In Italy and nowhere else is music the property of the people. Here in Paris Verdi first learned that music was a kind of ghostly kingdom, and that between the production and the indolent musical public was a group of snobs, literary writers, critics, and half-baked scribblers. In no other activity than art, and especially in the audible arts of music and literature, can such a bitter hatred reign. These circles, which we call coffee-houses to-day, infected Verdi with their disease of Satanic futility and indifference.

In his lifetime he was never free, as the reticent letters show, especially that letter in which he speaks of refusing to give the Paris Opéra a new work of his. There is no other artist in all history who was treated as he was by the great critics. Hanslick's review of Verdi is an example of this. When this stylist was attacked by Wagner he became remorseful, explained certain mental reservations, and defended himself with a mean kind of veneration for the musician. With Verdi it was quite a different matter. No sooner had they brushed elbows than Hanslick saw he had nothing to fear. Slowly and joyfully he explained the comic vulgarity, the total lack of education, in Verdi's work; and all the critics of the period were with him. When *Aïda*, *Othello*, and *Falstaff* appeared, these leading spirits by no means succeeded in solving the problem. They stated good-naturedly that at last old age had produced something worth while, and even risked the melancholy announcement that there was a hundred times more red blood in the poor work of his youth than in the masterpieces of his maturity.

Verdi's attitude toward adverse criticism bore wonderful testimony to his spiritual strength. Never descending to stubborn contentiousness, he kept his public following, and tried to see the truth about himself through all the scorn and ignominy the critics exposed him to. As an Italian, he was equipped with a sort of musical armor which he did not and could not doubt, because he knew it was sound and true. It is not a very good parallel to say that Franz Lehar is in a somewhat similar position to-day.

He writes operettas with such inspiration that they can break the modern artistic tenets that allow no freedom along the lines he wishes to follow. Like the modern operetta, the opera in Verdi's time was a compromise between inspiration and theatrical necessity. The director of the singers, who prescribed the order in which the numbers should be sung, belonged to a little group devoted to preventing the introduction of innovations of any kind. Their business from the eighteenth century onward, whether they were Italian or international figures, was to preserve the conventions unchanged.

But the internationalist hated the romantic, whose business it was to separate different nations and to construct an art on the basis of folklore. Opera was like a decaying palace, a hated survival of the *ancien régime*. Verdi was both a revolutionist and a nationalist, but in spite of the romantic texts of his operas he was the keenest opponent of the romantic, for the outstanding qualities of the romantic were lacking in him — nervousness, oversensitiveness, polyphonic emotions, and unalloyed admiration for all æsthetic charms. Verdi brought other gifts than

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these into his battle for a new kind of art. He had a marvelous feeling for mass, a polished intelligence, a never-aging inventiveness and sensitiveness, a conception of justice amounting almost to folly, and a genuine realism that has since turned out to be real modernity.

Paris threw him into the greatest conflict of his life. He was revealed to himself — an Italian opera composer. Such he will remain, but in a special sense. He will also be a dramatist, who, feeling in himself the strength of the not-yet-heard, made use of material that convention had thrown into the scrap heap. *Rigoletto* and *Traviata* followed, and the immortality that Victor Hugo and Dumas never quite achieved he has attained.

PERUVIAN HOURS[1]

BY JEANNE GUERANDEL

THE vicuña is a strange and charming animal, one of the most beautiful in the world. Although zoölogists place it in the camel family, it also resembles the gazelle and the roe. It has no hump. It carries its head high on the end of a long, thin neck devoid of sinuousness; its eyes are like velvet, caressing and soft; and its little pointed ears are always cocked. Why, in spite of its size, and though it cannot climb, does it make you think of a squirrel? Because of its timid grace. Unceasingly in view, never approachable, always ready to flee, wild troops of vicuñas impart life and charm to the high plateaus of Peru. The color of these animals' skin is neither brown nor beige — it is a changing, precious tint like a rosewood checkerboard; but how warm, deep, and velvety! Its supple thickness looks like a beautiful kind of plush. From time immemorial the skins of these creatures have been used as carpets, the most beautiful being made from the skin on the neck, which is dotted with sixty or seventy little rectangles, growing gradually darker near the spine and more rosy on the sides. This makes a beautiful coverlet. Often it is set in a large square of white-and-black alpaca, so that it looks like something at the Exposition of Decorative Arts, although the style is an old one in Peru. Unfortunately the number of vicuñas is decreasing rapidly, and each sofa covered with their skins represents a veritable massacre.

De luxe ponchos are often woven from their woolen coat. In the days of the Incas the finest garments were made out of this material, and vicuña skin was used along with chinchilla and bats to give a brilliant effect something like that of silk. The use of this material was confined to the nobles, and it looked like a beautiful tapestry of capricious yet geometric design. Encrusted with silver and discs of mother-of-pearl, and ornamented with plumes, the whole thing gave an effect of barbaric, refined luxury.

The fleece of these animals was used, but they were rarely killed. During the

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Inca period the pretty vicuñas were protected. The Indians hunted them only every four years, and, though the Royal Family hunted them annually, great nobles were the only ones allowed to kill them. The mass of the people could just hunt for game. Only hairless, harmful animals were killed, except for a certain number of *venados*, whose meat is something like venison. The wild alpacas and vicuñas used to be shorn and then allowed to go free, and a record of the number of animals killed was preserved in the royal archives.

I have before me a charming little book full of pictures. It is the first volume of the *History of the Discovery of Peru*, by Agustin de Zárate, translated into French by 'S. D. C.' Page 177 tells how Don Diego de Almargo and his friends returned to Lima from an expedition in Chile. 'In the deserts, where there was no snow, these people lacked water. To supply this need they filled with water buckets made out of sheepskin, which living sheep carried across their backs — for it is to be noted that the Peruvian sheep are so big that they can be used as beasts of burden. Their body resembles that of the camel, only they have no hump like that animal. They can carry a load of a hundred pounds or more, and are even used as horses. They can traverse four or five leagues a day. When a man is on their back and tries to make them go forward, they frequently turn their head on him and spit forth a kind of red, evil-smelling liquid that seems to come out of their stomach. This animal is of great use and earns large profits for its master, since its fleece is very good, especially the fleece of that kind of sheep that they call the *pacos*. The expense of feeding and maintaining these creatures is slight. They eat only a little maize, and can go four or five days without drinking. Their flesh is very clean, sweet to the taste, and as good to eat as that of Castilian sheep.'

The picture that goes with this text shows big, angry-looking sheep laden down with merchandise and conducted by Indians. One of them, who has been beaten by his leader, has turned and spat in his face.

Other conquistadores have called them 'giant sheep.' The Spaniards of the Conquest and their earliest historians have classified these sheep into three groups — the llamas, the vicuñas, and the alpacas. This is a just division only so far as the alpacas, or pacos, are concerned. They are black or white, and their shaggy hair is long. They are timid beasts, and when a frightened troop of them gallops across the prairie they look indeed like giant sheep in flight.

Llamas have been domesticated for centuries. They are a little bigger than the vicuñas and the alpacas. Some are pure black or pure white, but more often their coat is both black and white, in great irregular splotches, like a pied horse. They are beasts of burden, but they can carry only a small weight. They cannot bear a burden of a hundred pounds, as Zárate said. Sixty is their limit — less than a man's load, and much less than a donkey's. With sure feet they traverse the narrow paths, their little burdens across their backs. They are ornamented with bells and pompons like the dromedaries in African caravans. Indians like to decorate all their animals. Did n't I even see, near Tarma, a little gray hen with violet decorations fastened to its comb? It did not seem to disturb the bird at all, but gave it a charming air of droll coquettishness.

In the pre-Inca period the Collas of Lake Titicaca worshiped a great white llama. Later, at Cuzco, magnificent fêtes of the June solstice were celebrated, during which animals, grain,

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and flowers were offered to the sun god. The first offering was always a young black llama, and many of these were sacrificed in the course of the ceremonies. Their heart was torn out of their open chest still beating, and from it the priests could read the future.

While we were staying at Chorrillos a military band played on the Malecón, a great terrace with a promenade overlooking the sea. The band was always preceded by a tame white llama — no doubt for good luck. I have never seen the Chorrillos band without its llama. My little daughter Hélène, who was not even three years old, played on the Malecón with other children of her age. What did her little playmates say? All of them were clustered fearfully together far from the big white animal, holding on to their hair, convinced that the creature would eat it off their heads if they dared approach it.

The journey from Mollendo to Cuzco is made in three stages, and the train has all the fascination of a caravan. It moves slowly, stopping at night, and you sleep at Juliaca and Sicuani, leaving each town the next morning. Indians in second class make a regular camp, and all their luggage and children disappear beneath their ponchos. Pretty little wallets in bright colors made out of curiously wrought and colored textures are hung on beams over the railway platforms for sale.

For several miles we followed the sea, whose roughness is such that it is extremely difficult to get off the boat at Mollendo. Wafted in a chair hung from a windlass, we were lucky enough to land safely on the dock. I should, however, need an alert pen and a touch of light irony to tell the story of the lady with a muff and her little half-breed maid. She was a very pretty lady from Lima, and her muff was like those you saw this very summer at the races at Auteuil and Chantilly. The elegancies of the Rue de la Paix had been lavished on her and on her baggage. And what baggage it was! The little maid was so encumbered by it that she could only sit on the very edge of her chair. Suddenly she lost her balance and fell into the water, dragging all her luggage with her. All that elegance down there in the water! Sailors rushed up, shouting and swearing '*Hombre! Caramba!*' The waves broke furiously, the little girl was finally fished out, and even the baggage was rescued. When the danger was over everyone laughed except the elegant lady, who was greatly put out by all the havoc.

How calm this sea looked that had appeared so terrible in the harbor! There were no more breakers. Its great, smooth billows were invisible from afar. When we left it entirely there were only black sand, pebbles, crumbling rocks, and stunted dusty vegetation to be seen. A few wild heliotropes, growing here in the country of their origin, looked like exiles, and their smell penetrated the train in successive waves. Their timid white flower, seldom beautiful, did not in the least resemble the violet blossoms we see in our gardens. It was hanging at the end of a long, dejected stem, and its few leaves were as gray as the earth that nourished it. As we continued to ascend, the dunes grew higher and our stops were regular. Nothing stood out, nothing seized one's eye or held it. We kept on going up and up, and the mountains looked like skeletons covered with the skins of innumerable elephants. At first along the sea the sky was misty, but we slowly moved out of the fog, and soon only a blue bank of haze could be discerned to the westward.

The fatigue, the shaking of the train, the monotony of the landscape in spite of our eagerness to take it all in, slowly sent us to sleep. Peru is a land of con-

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trasts. On waking up an hour later we found ourselves in the deserted Joya district. The implacable sky seemed like an enormous blue cloth stretched over our heads. The light was brilliant and the colors sparkling. A few jinn had camped here. But why did these malicious goblins take up only half of their tents when they departed, and leave the other half behind? This strange encampment made for dwarfs extended over the red sands as far as the horizon, and we were continually interested in the half-tents shaped like half-moons, all alike, all pointed in the same direction.

The wind, ever blowing from the same direction, lifted light sand in the air, the color of this dust being different from the ground, on which it cast a curious light. No life, no animal, no vegetation, not even any moss. Everything is made of mineral here, like a Baudelaire countryside, and there is no water at all. The stations are merely stopping places, where the depot is the only house. By this time the little mounds had disappeared, and we were rolling across an immense surface of undulating sand scattered here and there with reddish pebbles, and the pure air and clear light gave the scene a kind of beauty in which no one element predominated.

We were supposed to arrive in Arequipa at 6.30, but traveler's luck was with us. I told you that the train was a caravan. Ordinarily it arrives at the stipulated hour, but on this occasion a surprise was in store for me. I wanted my trip in the desert prolonged, and my wish was granted. We were two hours late. Something had gone wrong with the engine — not much, but it made us stop for a moment and then resume our journey very slowly. Some of the travelers were furious. But what was the matter with their eyes? The sun was setting on a petrified sea of red waves the color of a briar rose — mauve here, gold there. Night arrived. Only on the way back was I able to admire the orchards and gardens around Arequipa; but the moon soon appeared, and in its magic light I saw for the first time one shade of white laid against another — a silvery fairyland with the town standing out pure and distinct against the snow of three massive mountain-tops.

I know a painter whose pictures are executed on glass with a varnish of his own composition. The colors are like enamel. He works on the reverse side of the pane. When the job is finished and turned over, the pictures he has painted of French and Italian cities take on a mysterious aspect, and you cannot believe that they represent houses made out of stone, brick, or wood. Perhaps the dream houses described in the old Mexican poetry of the Navaho tribes are something like them, since they are made of turquoise, streaked with moonbeams, and colored like an adder's hood.

I was particularly pleased with one of these pictures in the form of a tiny medallion. It represented a tropical town painted in a kind of white lacquer. The contour of the walls and the light and shade were indicated merely by light lines and by still lighter engraved streaks in pale gold and silver. This is the way Arequipa looked to me. Undoubtedly this artist will never see it, and I shall never be able to paint it in his style. The picture of Arequipa will exist only in my imagination; but I see it intensely, and I treasure in my soul this metallic miniature of a white moonlit town as snowy as the volcano behind it.

All that remains of this voyage is memories and a few paintings — some finished, but most of them pure imagination.

The next day we left Arequipa at seven o'clock in the morning and ar-

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rived at the highest point of our railroad journey, Crucero Alto. Yet the impression one gets is not that of a mountain countryside. The peaks around us did not seem very lofty, since we were so high up ourselves. It looked more like a wide, undulating plain. This was the *puna*, where the grass is dry and short, scarcely visible, with higher shoots of alfa grass here and there, and numerous herds of white or black alpacas wandering among them. At Lagunillas we passed two little deep-blue lakes, and later a third covered with a thin coating of ice. Santa Lucia, Maravilla, and at last Juliaca, where we spent the night.

From Juliaca to Sicuani the stations are in villages, whose principal attraction is the little market. Women sit here, chewing cocoa beans and knitting or spinning. They sell fruits and native vegetables, fish and birds, roasted corn, and above all dried meat, and preserved potatoes that are very light and, since they can be kept indefinitely, afford the best possible provision for Indians setting forth on long caravan journeys with their llamas. All kinds of spices are also on sale — pimentos, peppers, and *picantes*, all of which are essential to the native style of cooking. Cheeses are weighed in scales composed of two gourds.

The pottery is most curious. Aside from such useful objects as big and little pots, there are ornamented vases with figures modeled in relief, or horses of glazed clay equipped with the usual native harness. Thousands of knitted articles are sold — gloves, stockings, sleeves, and a great many dolls that the children play with and the older people use for carrying their money. Would n't they make nice mascots for automobiles?

On the caps of little babies clinging to their mother's breast or perched on her back are rows of tiny Negro dolls holding on to each other's hands and dancing together. These microscopic creatures are marvelously knitted. Their skirts stick out like crinolines, and their faces are indicated with a few dots of black thread. Spots of color represent the eyes and the lips, and the jewels that they wear. Thanks to these little gewgaws, the native baby's headdress presents a most droll and charming appearance. These amusing little fellows are suckled at their mother's breast for a long time, and they have excellent teeth. When they are not being nursed you can often see them munching onions, beets, or cabbage, or sucking at stalks of sugar cane.

I should like to take a whole chapter to describe the people's hats. The men here wear the same kind of earlapped bonnet that the children do, without the row of dolls on it, and over this bonnet they place a round, light-gray felt hat. But what variety the women go in for! The uniform panama that is found everywhere on the coast does not flourish here. These people wear scarlet, white, or black felts with big cords tied in gray or gilded knots. At Pucara their immense headpieces of very ancient design possess an ancestral charm. Narrow at the front and back, wide at the right and left, they are covered with gilt and silver squares of lace at the side. On either side plaited red silk is fastened to the edge of the brim. This is raveled with wear and faded by the sun, but the face of the wearer is concealed beneath its discolored fringe. When the women look at you full-face, however, the narrow brim in front lets you get a complete view of their yellow-red features. The faces of the old women are lined with care, and the young girls' are wreathed in smiles. They wear a shirt waist of coarse linen with two richly ornamented squares at either side, and this thick material, which serves them

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as a coat, is held in place by two silver *topos*. It is just big enough to cover their back, and they keep wiggling it about all the time with their shoulders, as if they were shivering. They weave while they are selling, walking, or suckling their babies. Their spindle is always moving, loaded with white or black alpaca wool or the soft wool of the vicuña.

When I left Mollendo I thought that three days was a long time to spend going to Cuzco, but I found the journey so amusing that I wanted to make it last longer. The morrow was market day at Sicuani, and I decided to stay there.

At crack of dawn the merchants invaded the village and clogged its two wide squares and the streets leading into them. The crowd was innumerable, multicolored, and noisy. Troops of llamas and burros, of men, women, and children, came down by the mountain paths and by the railway which follows the valley and which they use as a road except at the moment the train goes by. The llamas are the least heavily laden, and they press against each other timidly. They are parked near the station, those of the same herd being fastened together. Some standing, others kneeling, they will spend the whole day meditating and ruminating.

The market was so crowded that people and ponchos became invisible and one could see only a white expanse of felt hats which from a distance looked like Arab turbans. The women installed themselves with their merchandise. The wares are essentially the same as in all markets, but more abundant and more various, and they frequently are brought from a great distance. Many aromatics are sold, and bright stones for necklaces, as well as strings of pebbles with holes in them, and monkeys' vertebræ. The sellers of dyestuffs show little spoonfuls of their merchandise and of the many colored powders they offer — green, blue, violet, orange, and above all yellow and red; a great deal of red. The stalls are crowded with people watching the merchants unpack their wares. All kinds of trash are sold here — ribbons, gilding materials, glass, porcelains. The Turkish bazaar of David Moyses and the Armenian bazaar of Elias Salomon are the most conspicuous.

The village alcades, seated against the wall, preside over the ceremony. In their finest ponchos, with tall canes in their hands, they are as dignified as the Conscript Fathers. People speak to them with respect and kiss their staffs, the symbols of their power, when they take their leave. These are magnificent staffs indeed, girdled with silver bands that look white two paces away. Some are of precious ancient workmanship. The silver is engraved and richly decorated, and the designs are full and rich, a mixture of the modern motif with the Cross and the ancient Inca sun god, festooned with flowers and interlacing zigzags to enrich the ornamentation.

The countryside that the train passed through the next day was more and more cultivated. Farming fields in the valley ran right up to the edge of the Sierras. All the houses had a little cross with bells on it on the roof. Little horses, little cows, and tiny little sheep were being tended by young shepherd girls with shepherds' crooks in their hands. Wheat is threshed here in the most rudimentary fashion; it is trodden upon by cattle that the farmers excite with their shouting. Trees were becoming more and more frequent, and were covered with a gray parasitic growth, a kind of giant moss, hanging from their branches. Women were weaving ponchos in the open air. They fit colored cloth into

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their primitive work and so preserve their brilliant traditions.

We passed a country festival where a group of peasants were dancing. In the centre of the dance one of them was holding a big pole from which many-colored ribbons streamed in the air, and the crowd was whirling around at a dizzy pace to the cadence of a big sort of tom-tom. Their costumes were strange and archaic — a mixture of pre-Columbian America and the mannered elegance of ancient Spain. The embroidery, pompons, and lace were like a vision from the period of Philip II, when, escorted by royal frigates, the galleons of Cadiz unloaded their merchandise at Puerto Bello, whence it was transported on the backs of mules across the Isthmus of Panama, and then put on another boat on the Pacific and carried to Lima, to mingle with the Chinese and Hindu embroidery that the Philippine flotilla bore over from Luzon. The train moved along, luckily at a slow rate, and the strange vision disappeared.

In some ways it looked like Brittany or Auvergne. The sky was misty and it rained. For eighteen days I had forgotten the rain. The Rio Vilcañota wound at the bottom of the valley. At seven o'clock in the evening we saw the tarnished tiles, the cupolas, and the church clocks of the town of Cuzco, capital of the Incas.

SEX WAR IN THE JUNGLE[1]

BY DR. ROBERT BLEICHSTEINER

It is a common mistake to imagine that African women occupy an unusually oppressed and unhappy position. It is believed that women are simply slaves and beasts of burden for their husbands, who take their pleasure freely while their wives work in the rice fields, and that the men can have any number of wives, whom they force to do manual labor. In point of fact, the acceptance of Christianity by Negroes was due much more to their willingness to give up polygamy than to a desire to abandon any of their traditional pleasures. They believed that Christianity, and therefore monogamy, would raise the price of their labor.

There are many hard-working natives who lead a strenuous existence in the jungle provinces, and the distribution of labor between man and wife is an equal one. Here women not only are better cared for, but they also exert an important influence on the life of the community. It follows that matriarchy is widespread in the Negro world, and that there is established in many places a real system of feminine hegemony such as the ancients used to describe in olden times. It is true, however, that nowadays the practice is not so widespread as it once was. The predominance of the women in these matriarchal communities is based on their ownership of houses and land. They are the ones who are skilled in agriculture, on which all primitive

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society is based. Domestic life is arranged with the woman as the keystone of the arch, and the inheritance passes from mother to daughter and not from father to son. The men, deprived of domestic influence, try to gain their prestige in warfare, where they seek to win the favor of their wives. Hence it follows that head-hunting is frequently found in matriarchal communities, and in order to appear worthy in his girl's eyes a young man must first bring her the head of an enemy as a trophy. The men form themselves into secret fighting societies, in which the older ones occupy important positions, and, as usually happens among primitive people, young men are initiated when they reach a marriageable age. They are then protected by the secret, horrible rites and gruesome masks which reduce the women to a state of terror. Often these secret societies extend over an entire province, and enjoy great political influence, since all the chieftains and elders must join them.

The women, for their part, in order to counterbalance the prestige of the men's societies, also organize secret associations to which members of the other sex have no access, and whose purpose is to initiate adolescent girls into their secret ceremonies, to instruct them in their rites, and to prepare them for the duties of marriage. In the Western part of Africa, men's and women's organizations are often to be found in the same tribe. The men's societies base their power on gruesome mysteries and hideous masks, while the women attend to the education of the children and secretly punish any of their members who fail to exercise full domestic authority. Early in the last century Mungo Park traveled in Western Africa and described these practices. Dancers clothed in costumes of dried grass, and wearing hideous wooden masks, execute wild steps, waving spears and rushing through the town, to the terror of the women and children. Drums beat and the dancing begins. Suddenly one of the masked figures seizes a woman and binds her to a stake, and the leader, who is frequently her prospective husband, whips her furiously. The women's societies, on the other hand, base their prestige on the knowledge of sorcery and the medical skill of their old, experienced members. They arouse fear in the hearts of the men, and enjoy considerable influence.

The women of the Loango tribes on the West Coast have their own god, and enjoy a great reputation as healers. Whenever anyone in town is sick, they take the afflicted person to a secret part of the forest in order to practise certain strange rites. No man dares listen to what goes on, although after their return they could give plenty of information about what happened to the sick people. In the province of Pongwe, women have rival societies to those of the men, and practise carefully concealed ceremonies. Initiation to these groups entails great expense. Girls are taken into the society in their tenth or twelfth year, and the ceremonies last for a whole week. During this time the women decorate their bodies with bizarre ornaments painted red and white, and celebrate nocturnal rites in the forest to the beating of drums, while a holy fire is kept burning so that outsiders may not gain access to the ceremonies and discover what is taking place.

The Njamba women are great experts at hocus-pocus. They discover thieves, and claim to be able to find out the secrets of their enemies. They know how to keep the men of the community in a state of real terror, and Wilson, in his book on West Africa,

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says that the purpose of these women's societies is to shield their members from the brutality of the men by the brilliance and horror of their secret practices.

The Guinea Coast is the home of the most formidable secret societies. Here the members live in mushroomlike huts, and exercise such a great political influence that even the white men must reckon with them. Here too women's societies have been organized to counteract the men's organizations. But both sexes have certain ceremonies in common, of which the marriage ceremony is the most important. In 1671 an old Dutchman named Dapper, from Amsterdam, described in a book entitled *Africa* the initiation of adolescent girls into the women's societies at Quoga on the Guinea Coast. Girls of from ten to twelve years old are taken out into the jungle, where houses have been built for them, and there they are placed under the supervision of a priestess to remain for three months at a kind of school where they are chiefly taught the duties of marriage. 'Here they learn many complicated dances and songs. In these songs there is little enough to surprise them if they have already learned to be modest, pure, and honorable in their everyday speech. As long as they are all here together they go quite naked, for the priestess takes all their clothes when they arrive, and they are never given back again.' Older women too must give up their clothes on going into the forest.

When the initiation is at an end the girls dress themselves again, making clothes out of different kinds of dry vegetation, which they color red and yellow. Their friends bring them all kinds of ornamental bracelets of coral and shells with which to decorate themselves. 'When they enter a town full of people, though it is a day of celebration, the priestess decides who is the most beautifully dressed of all that have appeared. Everyone sits down on the ground and one of them fiercely beats a round, hollow piece of wood with two sticks.' Then the girls dance in groups, and henceforth they are members in good standing of the women's society and 'are permitted to swear by No-soggo, which is the name of their society and a word that carries great weight among believers.'

In the English colony of Sierra Leone and in Liberia the secret societies known as Poro and Bundu have become particularly famous. The former is composed of men and the latter of women. The Bundu society is surrounded with the greatest secrecy, and is divided into three groups. The first is the Digba and the second is the Normay. The latter hide behind grotesque devil masks, and wear a garment of rough black cloth wound all about them. Their wooden mask is slung to their head, and they carry a long spear in their hands. The third group includes the leaders, or Soways, who are doctors with great skill in healing. When young girls join the society they must swear to guard its secrets fast. In token of this they take a certain drink out of an antelope's horn, swearing to guard the secrets, and announcing that they will drop dead if by any indiscretion they let them out. This drink is prepared by one of the high officials who is privy to the secrets of the society, and it is declared to be bewitched. Should any man intrude on the ceremonies in the secret part of the forest and hear what is going on, he is consigned to the Bundu devils and beaten with clubs, or turned over to the head of the village and sold into slavery.

The celebrations of the society reach their peak during the harvest. Girls

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who have lately been initiated streak their bodies with white, to resemble the souls of their dead ancestors, whose cult the secret society celebrates. They pierce their flesh, tattoo themselves, and after they have become members assume new names. The period spent in the jungle is a kind of home economics course. They learn how to cook, spin, dye, and dance; they are instructed in the mysteries of healing herbs; and last but not least, the secrets of married life are revealed. Great importance is attached to the dances. These are a kind of step accompanied by a rattle. When their period of instruction is over, the girls dash through the town, while the rattles are sounded and the relatives of the new members give the masked women rich presents in return for the lessons. Last of all, they put on the so-called devil's cap and take the oath, smearing their heads with black mud, which they later wash off in the river. When this procedure is over they are ready for marriage. At the conclusion of the ceremony the girls must spend three nights in a little enclosure outside the town to recover from their fatigue. Within the Bundu society is a special group known as the Yassi order, composed only of women physicians, who heal all kinds of sickness by applying various herbs.

In Bulom is another Sierra Leone tribe of women known as the Attonga society, which is devoted to a cult of the dead. Near their village council hall stands a building in which gravestones are cared for by the Attonga women. When a member of their society dies, all the surviving members spend three months in the house of the deceased, wearing black necklaces and headpieces made of shells or black seeds of grain. When a member of the society dies, her gravestone is put up in a special house of her own, and not in the house mentioned above. If she leaves a husband, and he either accidentally or intentionally enters the house where her gravestone has been set up, he is forced to join the society, and after his death he too is granted a gravestone by this extraordinary sisterhood of death. The same thing applies to little boys whose mothers have to take them to the society's quarters.

In Northern Kamerun is another interesting women's society, known as the 'Water Sprites,' or Chengu. Only free women can belong to this; slaves are excluded. The members of the Chengu speak a language of their own. In the Volta district on the Gold Coast is a group of women who have a god known as Abbe. Whoever marries one of these women must recognize her god as lord and master. The worshipers of Abbe do honor to their god in a dance which they perform naked, with their faces painted red and white and their bodies streaked with mud.

The Yeffay society, with headquarters in Dahomey, is another order, to which men are admitted. It occupies a big walled settlement of tents and huts, in one of which the holy stone is guarded. Here stands an altar made of earth, splattered with blood and decorated with white chicken feathers. Only members can enter. In the cloister lives the prior, known as Hunuvo, and a number of male and female 'dogs,' as the members call themselves. They are grouped into two classes — one of novices, and the other of those who are privy to all the secrets of the order. The members are either destined to the order from birth or enter later of their own free will, and many of the latter are tricked and robbed. The cloister is a safe asylum for everybody. No one can press a suit against a member even if he is clearly guilty. Thus people inside the cloister

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can live a care-free life and need fear no annoyance, for none can bring charges against them. Heavily indebted people liable to the penalty of being buried alive take refuge in such a cloister and become believers. When they arrive, the members of the order execute a horrible dance. People in trouble may well be glad to pay a large sum to the highest official for the privilege of entering this safe retreat.

If a woman or a girl wants to join the order, she throws herself before the head priest, who then takes her in as a novice. For the next six months her friends must bring her food. If she is married, her husband cannot come to her unless he brings her gifts and joins the society himself, but if the wife does not want to see her husband any more she simply tells Hunuvo not to let him in. The Yeffay order exercises a demoralizing influence on the population, because it destroys family life. Even if a wife who belongs to it goes back to her husband, only storm and strife follow, because she serves the ends of the order and neglects her housekeeping. If her husband shows signs of anger, she simply runs away from him, and her friends usually succeed in forcing the man to give all kinds of presents to conciliate his wife. A further injustice that these orders often commit is to keep putting new members off and postponing their election, though they want very much to join.

In Weidah, on the Guinea Coast, where snakes are worshiped, the priestesses choose a certain number of girls each year to enter into the service of their god. They march out of their temple during the evening, armed with clubs, and scour the streets in little groups, seizing on any girl they please, for no one dares resist them. The members live apart in special dwellings, and learn sacred songs and dances, decorating their bodies with designs of flowers and animals, and sometimes lacerating their flesh, so that when the painful wounds heal up they look like fine, blossoming, black atlases. On a dark night the girls are brought back again to the houses of their parents and left on the threshold, where they are cheerfully greeted by their families, who are proud that the holy serpent has deemed them worthy of this honor. This honor, however, often costs a great deal of money, since a large fee must be paid to the priestess for her training.

If the girls are of marriageable age, they are led, richly ornamented, to the temple, and there they dance before the serpent god and are initiated as wives of the serpent. Once a girl has been made a consort of the Great Serpent she takes a higher social position among the other women of Weidah, and if a man seeks her hand he must prepare to enter a higher sphere of life and do honor to her on his knees.

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A JOURNEY IN ABYSSINIA. VIII[1]

BY JEAN D'ESME

For eight days we skirted the banks of Lake Tsana, the enormous body of water from which the flow of the River Nile can be regulated. It is bordered with trees, rocks, and vast fields of papyrus, on which the sun glistens in many colors.

In the plain that surrounded our encampment we found traces of the activities of the English mission that had been there eighteen months before, studying the water supply and preparing to control it. We spent all this time close to the waters of the lake, either on the rocks or on the banks, where dams that will change the formation of this body of water will be erected. All along our pathway were black crosses and symbols engraved with a cold chisel to mark the spot where a mine will be laid. On the little plateau outside the village of Bar-Dhar stood an abandoned missionary station.

Two kinds of people inhabit this little settlement. On the shores of the lake are the Abyssinians in their native huts, clustered about the church, and farther out in the plain, where there is no shade, are the Weitos, skinny and nervous, living in a confused group of hovels so low that you had to enter them on your hands and knees and were unable to stand up when you got inside. The Weitos are not liked by the savage, proud Abyssinians, but they reminded me of my beloved Somalis in the Dankali desert.

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *October* 12, *November* 10

Half-naked, carrying lances in their hands, they wander the whole length of the Abbai in little groups, hunting for hippopotamuses and killing them with their lances or with dilapidated guns, forty or fifty years old, that even have no sights on them. When they succeed in bagging a hippopotamus they join in a Pantagruelian feast on the very spot where they have killed their prey.

'Yes,' as the Abyssinians say with a disgust heightened by religious prejudice, 'they are hippopotamus-eaters.'

And what eaters! To appreciate them fully we must witness one of these banquets. To understand also all they have told us about the hippopotamus we must ourselves be heroes in one of the most bizarre hunting parties in which we have ever participated.

For six days we tried to get near a hippopotamus. Hidden in blinds on the banks of the Blue Nile, we saw these animals in troops of five or six bathing in the river, but always out of range. In spite of our tricks, we never could get nearer than two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards to these groaning, snorting, plunging animals, who now and then stuck their large snouts above the water for a few seconds, and wiggled their ears.

Tired of this inactivity, we had decided to depart the next day and leave these defiant beasts to themselves. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and I was surrounded by cases and bales that my servants were

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packing up, when my boy rushed upon the scene.

'A Weito wants to speak to Monsieur.'

'Bring him over.'

The man appeared before me and bowed. 'I know that you want to kill a hippopotamus. I know where there are some, and can take you there. I can guarantee that you will get a good shot at them.'

I hesitated, for I had often heard this phrase before. The man shrugged his shoulders, got up, and pointed his lance in the direction of a little island about forty yards away. 'They will be as near you as that island there.'

I got up too. 'Where is the place?'

He pointed his lance toward the Nile. 'On the edge of the Abbai two hours and a half away.'

'How long does it take on horseback?'

'An hour at top speed.'

'Good! We will go on horseback. One shall be saddled for you.'

He shook his head. 'No, I shall go on foot, and shall not hold you up at all. You'll see.'

Half an hour later we set forth, and in an hour and a quarter we had arrived. Up to that point the man had not deceived us. It took us sixty-five minutes to get to the place he had told us of, though we had to gallop and trot without stopping. The man, true to his promise, had not held us up; for sixty-five minutes he had run in front of my horse with his lance in his right hand. A quarter of an hour later we swung in view of the river.

Five or six Weitos leaped out of the underbrush around us and joined our troop. In front was a growth of papyrus with two rocks on either side of it, and the Nile beyond pursued its silent course, blue and peaceful. Hidden by one of the rocks, a hippopotamus was grunting in the water. My guide signaled me to follow him. We slipped through the papyrus, treading it under our feet, and advanced slowly into the water until it came up to our knees. From the edge of the river we gradually distinguished our hippopotamus, slightly to the right. He was bobbing up and down in the water about a hundred yards away. Again it was too far off. My guide saw my motion of disgust. He smiled and signaled me to wait, taking his place beside me. Behind him the five or six Weitos had gathered mysteriously together, while I stood motionless and silent. Suddenly my guide raised his voice, bursting into a strange, low, monotonous song, rather sad, and ending on a minor note. The group behind us took up the refrain in chorus. I looked at them curiously, but my guide poked me and insisted on my watching the hippopotamus sharply. Headed downstream, the animal was swimming farther away, when suddenly he stopped. Poking his head out of the water, he fixed his eyes on us and remained in this position for ten or twelve seconds, motionless, and holding his own in the current. He then plunged. At this moment the chorus subsided and my guide took up his solo part again, looking all the time at the spot where the beast dove, until the animal rose again still nearer, and swam slowly toward us for about twenty yards before diving once more. The chorus took up its refrain, and the animal reappeared nearer still. Unquestionably it heard the song and was coming toward us. There it was, sixty, fifty yards away! I put my gun to my shoulder, but my guide signaled me to wait.

He resumed his hymn in a higher, stronger voice. The animal dove again, and suddenly popped up thirty-five yards away. I saw his profile, his little quivering ear, and slowly he turned his face directly toward us. At

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this moment my guide ended his song with these words: —

'*Goumaré, goumaré, goumaré.*'

I fired, and the animal sank. Shortly afterward, in the midst of bloody water, he showed himself again, plunging and snorting, his back, his snout, and his feet successively emerging.

The Weitos all jumped up, screaming with delight, while the animal, mortally wounded, writhed in tumultuous agony. Up to their chests in water, tumbling, falling, holding on to each other, the Weitos danced about on their uncertain foundation of papyrus. My guide spat in the muzzle of my gun and kissed my hands. Twilight was falling, and the hippopotamus had disappeared. The water of the river became quiet again, and on the grassy bottom of the Nile lay the hippopotamus. The next day he would swell up and float on the surface, while a hundred Weitos would gorge themselves on his succulent flesh, to which they have dedicated their prophetic song: 'Goumaré, O Goumaré, whom we love and who nourishes us, come, come to your children.'

More than six months have elapsed since we entered Ethiopia on September 15, 1925, and to-day, the second of April, 1926, we cross the frontier into Italy's province of Eritrea. We have made more than six months' sojourn in the empire of the Queen of Kings, traversing it by caravan from the west to the east, and from the south to the north. We have visited the principal tribes that populate it, from the Adal Mohammedans to the Tigréan Christians, whose ancestors have knelt before the Cross for more than a thousand years. We have lived side by side with the Gallas, the people of Shoa and Gojam, with the proud and savage Somalis, and with the weird Weitos or 'hippopotamus-eaters.' We have been received in the feudal castles of the great lords of the empire and in the humble cabins of the peasants. We have talked with the Ras and we have gossiped with the man on the street. Far behind us lies Addis Ababa, the 'New Flower,' with her blue columns of pungent eucalyptus smoke ascending through the tranquil twilight. Far behind us lies the yellow desert where we chased the antelope, and the rivers in whose turgid water the clumsy hippopotamuses play.

I have seen a country isolated for ages and still hemmed in by the possessions of three great neighbors — France, England, and Italy. Of these, one, France, has always frankly extended the hand of good-will to Ethiopia and has honestly respected her millennial independence. Her two other neighbors, knowing her less well, have attacked her and encroached upon her territories — England successfully at Magdala, Italy disastrously at Adowa.

Within this empire ever on the defensive against its neighbors, and cut off from the sea, lives a strong, warlike, high-spirited nation, a nation proud of its past and distrustful of its future, but now resolved to open its frontiers to the science and the progress of the West. I often hear Europeans say: 'You can't expect much of these Abyssinians. See how backward they are. Observe their feudal customs. They are an anachronism in our twentieth century.'

That is an easy and specious judgment. Can we expect a country to modernize itself in ten or twenty, or even fifty, years? Do you ask a youth to become a man overnight? Compared with the great nations of Europe the Ethiopians are an infant people. The essential thing is that they are earnestly intent upon lifting their country to the same level as that of their more highly civilized neighbors.

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THE FIG LEAF PRESS[1]

BY GORDON PHILLIPS

ONE of the several awkward results of being a journalist is a liability to be mistaken for a literary person. One is therefore much exposed, not only — as is common to all people with a permanent home address — to the printed matter of money-lenders, Dutch bulb-growers, promoters of 'charity ballots,' and American citizens who wish to dispose of very small portions of richly oil-bearing land in backward states of the Union, but also to publishers' lists and announcements, order forms for limited editions, and prospectuses of new periodicals or presses of the more considered and esoteric sort. These arrive in some number, and I cannot now be quite sure whether I ever received, or only dreamed, the manifesto from which the following extracts are borrowed. If I did dream it, I at least dreamed pretty closely to existing models. And, if I did not dream it, there can surely be no harm in now giving an authentic puff a little wider publicity than it would otherwise receive.

It is indeed a real tragedy that the type here available can give no idea whatsoever of the artful and exquisite proportions of the font used for printing this manifesto; nor, alas, is it possible to reproduce the ideally Neo-Georgian woodcut which serves as a preliminary decoration to the pamphlet and which depicts, so far as can be guessed, an ebony Adam embracing a Negroid and vastly abdominal Eve under the shadow of a pitch-black stick of celery. But, with these inevitable apologies, let us hurry to our extracts: —

'Established, then, as a Press of Distinction on the technical side, the Fig Leaf Press inevitably attracts to itself the Writers of Distinction. In Fiction, in Poetry, in Criticism, its authors are supreme. Names like Miss Amelia Poop, Mr. Hector MacStrafe, Mr. O'Farrell Flipshaw, Mrs. Lavinia Starke, Mr. Gumbert Goof, Mr. Aloysius Stinklebat, the eminent art expert Mr. Golly Golightly, and the talented American authoress Miss Alice Egg — these, and others too numerous to mention, are (in Bloomsbury) household words. All of them will be found represented in the lists of past or forthcoming Fig Leaf publications. . . .

'There is richness here and diversity; but there is one quality which all Fig Leaf authors have in common. It was put with equal modesty and grace by Mr. Goof in the preface to his last collection of *Preludes to Prophecy:* "For my own part, I will claim nothing for the pages which follow save that every line bears the impress of a personal and unqualified reaction to a mood and a moment. All has been set down as I wished it and because I wished it; here is the candor which seeks neither to conciliate nor to cajole. The Urge of the Ultimate Ego has been All-sufficient."

'This is finely said, and the result may be considered in the light of

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *October* 12

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Miss Alice Egg's pregnant warning: "Most books are too easy; readers should be made to *gnaw* for their nutriment."

'This austere conception informs all works issued from the Fig Leaf Press. The very sight of the imprint is sufficient to elevate, enlighten, or alarm. It may be added that in all our contracts there is a special clause insisting that anything in the nature of a conscious effort to entertain shall be construed as a breach of the author's agreement. . . .

'Our title and imprint is at once an announcement and a merry jest framed on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. We are called the Fig Leaf Press because there is no fig leaf. Nowhere throughout the productions honored by this imprint will there be any attempt to impose upon a writer the familiar restraints of cowardice and convention. In the matter of morals we are impartial; Art alone suffices. Solely at the discretion of the author, — or until there is positive trouble with the police, — all shall be noble and nude and Neo-Georgian. It may be urged that in any event some of our writers appear, on a close scrutiny, to have very little to conceal. In their case, too, no attempt shall be made to conceal it. Unlike Nature, — who is in all her aspects contemptible to us and our authors, — the Fig Leaf Press does not abhor a vacuum. It may be impossible to fill it; but it can always be redecorated with wide margins and the more lavish resources of modern typography and the bookbinder's art. . . .

'Another feature of unusual distinction is issued from time to time from the press in the shape of the *Fig Leaflet*. This, as all who have handled a copy will agree, has the superficial appearance of a slim but high-class literary magazine. It is registered at Stationers' Hall, and bears upon its cover the legend "Price Sixpence." The contents of the *Fig Leaflet* consist of book reviews, articles on literary topics, portraits of eminent authors, and personal paragraphs. A certain air of detachment is carefully preserved, but on examination the portraits and paragraphs will be found to relate exclusively to authors whose works are published, or about to be published, by the Fig Leaf Press; and the reviews, couched in terms of eloquent and steadfast approval, are confined to books bearing the same imprint. It will be interesting to note that the Sinn Fein system is carried still further: all the reviewers are themselves ornaments of the Fig Leaf Press. Thus, in one and the same number of the *Fig Leaflet*, Mr. Stinklebat will be found examining with thoughtful admiration the prosody of Miss Poop, while Miss Poop dwells with discerning praise on the latest volume of Stinklebat essays. Mrs. Lavinia Starke will review Mr. Gumbert Goof, and Mr. Goof will review anybody, provided that his works have been passed for publication by the Fig Leaf Press. Mr. MacStrafe, in his leading article on "The Trend of the Modern Novel," will survey a less localized field, but at the same time, by confining his examples exclusively to the works of authors already mentioned, will manage to leave a clear impression that where the English novel is not trending toward the Fig Leaf Press its direction is unworthy of further notice.

'It may be objected that there is nothing unusual in the system of these writers reviewing each other's books, since many of them are constantly engaged on the same task in the pages of the learned weekly reviews and literary supplements. In those pages, however, their efforts are necessarily dispersed and unsynchronized. It is

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the privilege of the *Fig Leaflet* to present so much timber simultaneously and reciprocally on the move that the spectacle offered is one of discipline, industry, and enthusiasm unequaled in all of the glorious history of logrolling. . . .

'In short, we own Distinction, we offer Distinction, we ooze Distinction. Not to have heard of the Fig Leaf Press is an Admission of Intellectual Impotence; but a shelf of Fig Leaf Books restores Tone to any Apartment and raises the Humblest Home to the Higher Plane. Acquire the Fig Leaf Habit and let your corner of the suburban or provincial desert blossom like Bloomsbury.'

AT ST. CROSS: WINCHESTER

BY ERNEST RHYS

[From the *Observer*]

I HAVE eaten traveler's bread
  And drunk thin ale,
And now, St. Cross, within thy walls I kneel.
This spiritual house, Almighty God
Shall glorify, inhabit, enter in, —
  (So it is written on the door), —
Shall enter the still place, and, listening,
Become again a mortal man —
Like me, poor soul, this rigid day,
Who have nowhere to lay my head.
Now am I, by the ale and broken bread,
Made one with Him, the houseless traveler.
Is it not said, the ringer that shall ring,
The beggar knocking at the gate, St. Cross,
  A godlike guest shall be?
The asker shall receive, the seeker find,
  The lost man enter sanctuary.

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A GREAT FRENCH CRITIC[1]

BY PAUL SOUDAY

MANY opportunities have arisen for me to write about Alain and his famous *Propos*, and I reproach myself for not having seized them all. It seems that I am a little bit behindhand. But Alain is a rather difficult author, whom one must study at one's leisure. His work is substantial enough to hold one's interest — more so than the ordinary novel that you read one week and forget the next. He has lately been putting out one new book after another, as well as a new edition of an important previous work. This is the moment to consider him.

Alain is the pseudonym of M. Chartier, Professor of Philosophy at the Henri IV lycée. He used to hold this same position at the Corneille lycée at Rouen, where he wrote for a radical journal, the *Dépêche de Rouen*, which published every day from 1906 to 1914 a little article of some fifty lines signed 'Alain' and entitled *Propos d'un Normand*. When, on the first of September, 1914, at the age of forty-six, he enlisted for the duration of the war, he had written three thousand of these essays. A lucky stroke of fate decreed that the *Dépêche de Rouen* should fall under the eyes of several writers, notably Henri Massis and Tristan Bernard, who, though seldom in agreement, were the first to discover Alain and introduce him to the literary public. Some of M. Chartier's former pupils at the Corneille lycée had come to Paris, and they too helped to spread his reputation. André Maurois is one of them, and has always remained a faithful admirer of his former philosophy teacher, toward whom he feels as Zarathustra's disciples did toward their master, and it is not hard to perceive the older man's influence in the *Dialogues sur le commandement*. Selected essays from the *Propos d'Alain* appeared in book form.

It would be an enormous task, and contrary to the laws of literary propriety, to compare the text of the essays in the book with the articles in the *Dépêche de Rouen*. One cannot help wondering how the longshoremen and many other inhabitants of the great port of Rouen who read this daily paper were able to follow Alain's rather abstract thought if he clothed it in his usual compressed style. It is said that journalism imposes a salutary discipline on writers and makes them express themselves with clearness and ease. Perhaps this is true of writers who address themselves to a very cultivated public. One is forced to believe that the burgesses of Rouen are more sophisticated than the enlightened upper middle classes of Paris or any other place. It seems that Alain refined and distilled most of his essays with a view to having them read by a subtle, advanced clientele of bibliophiles. In their present state they are full of ideas, and ingeniously written, but they are also rather startling and misleading, rather artificial and precious.

The *Système des beaux-arts* first

[1] From *Le Temps* (Paris semiofficial opportunist daily), *October* 14 and 16

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appeared in 1920, and has just come out again unrevised but slightly longer. 'This work,' says the author, 'was written in the mud of the trenches, for no other purpose than to distract me, and with no thought of its ever being presented to the public. These highly favorable conditions will never be repeated.'

To accomplish such a piece of work in the trenches or in cantonments must have required remarkable serenity of mind and extraordinary spiritual force. For it is admirable stuff. Marcus Aurelius wrote his *Reflections* during his campaigns, but he was Emperor, and his rank undoubtedly made his task much easier. What is most surprising about Alain is that, in the midst of the brutalities and violence of war, his style grew more and more precious, refined, and coquettishly abstruse. His writing was only a means of distracting and amusing himself. Having no public in mind, he was acting naturally, not showing off. Though the author is spontaneously hard-working and naturally ingenious, I am afraid that more than one reader will find his work too highly refined and too fatiguing. His frequent obscurities, his indiscreet but brilliant abuse of the paradox, are too complacent, too eagerly full of striking phrases. For my part, I confess I have the endurance, and perhaps even the perverse taste, for this sort of arduous, disconcerting book, but even I was mildly exasperated at times, and sometimes felt like consigning this *Système des beaux-arts* to all the devils in Hell. But curiosity kept me to my task, and I do not regret having read the book to the end. There are some singular points of view in it, but it is always amusing and profitable to meet an author like M. Alain.

It is his boast never to give any proofs. What is the use? 'You prove whatever you want to prove.' And he adds: 'Beauty is not capable of proof.' The first of these axioms is plainly false, and reveals a rather ungrateful spitefulness. To whom does one prove whatever one wants to prove? Perhaps to a lecture audience or to the subscribers of the *Dépêche de Rouen*. The reader who could be interested in such work as Alain's is not such a novice. On the other hand, one can well admit that beauty is incapable of proof, or at least that it cannot be proved in the same way that theorems and scientific discoveries can. But if beauty does not prove itself, at least it is self-revealed. People who did not understand primitive painters, or Wagner, Delacroix, or Debussy, were greatly enlightened after they had read Ruskin, or Baudelaire, or Pierre Lalo. In a general way, the *beaux-arts* teach themselves. The process of learning them opens one's eyes to unknown horizons.

The best æsthetic proof of anything is example. It is not a question of laying down *a priori* principles or establishing dogmatically what is beautiful and what is not. It is simply a matter of experience, of recognizing works that have been obviously declared bad by competent judges. Hence one can draw conclusions on the nature and laws of art in general, and of each different art in particular. A doctrine of this sort must always be supported by examples, and it is this method that Taine followed in his *Philosophie de l'art*. It is too bad that Alain rarely undertakes this obligation, but prefers to confine himself to vague analysis and arbitrary affirmation. Of course, everybody at once recognizes a badly chosen example that is supposed to support the thesis in hand, but by failing to give any such examples Alain dodges the issue. He will more easily persuade the busy, the ignorant, or the forgetful

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reader. But whoever knows and remembers his masterpieces will feel objections rising up within him as he reads, and will be scandalized that the author has not even thought of trying to reply to them. He is likely to end by losing all confidence in this æsthete announcing oracles out of the empty air, or even from the clouds. It should be understood that I do not believe that Alain is doing this purposely, nor that he is attempting to hornswoggle naïve readers whose opinions make little enough difference anyway. At the front he naturally had no documents to draw upon, nor any means of refreshing his memory, and he thus excuses himself for any dullness that he may have fallen into. But when the war was over he was able to complete his work, and he should have given us two volumes supplemented with the quotations, for they would seem shorter than the single volume without them.

Alain's chief theory is anti-intellectual and philo-technical, if I may use terms that he has not himself employed. In his estimation the idea is nothing, the *métier* is everything. It is from the *métier* that the idea draws its sustenance. Mankind was not given a language to talk with; he talks because he has formed words and phrases for himself. He does not seize on language to express his thoughts; his thoughts gush out of him. It is even more true to say that the artist does not execute his work to realize an ideal or to treat a subject — at least, any artist who proceeds in this fashion is mediocre and almost worthless. The first thing to do is to put one's hand to the task, and the work or the masterpiece will make itself. The idea of it will be born from the activity and from purely technical efforts. One should never be preoccupied with what one is going to compose or paint; the thing to do is to set to work with faith in what your tools will suggest and discover for you.

This is true as far as knowledge and technical labor are able to bring to life original happy ideas. It can even be said that technique is the necessary basis for every well-expressed idea. One must know one's artistic grammar and have a sort of technical apprenticeship before even thinking of erecting a project of any kind. Clearly enough, no one completely ignorant of music or architecture would ever be so foolish as to try to write a symphony or build a cathedral. Others who have a real but insufficient knowledge of technique think that the power of their conception can supplant a deficiency in other lines. They are wrong, and Alain is right in the sense in which he states his problem. But to build straight ahead of one, without any idea or preliminary plan, as he does not hesitate to recommend one's doing, is, if I may say so, a no less uncertain method than concentrating only on the idea. Who will believe that a great poet or a great artist does not know what he wants to do when he starts work on a Giaconda, a Phèdre, or a Don Juan? Were these masterpieces unforeseen revelations to Leonardo da Vinci, Racine, or Mozart in the same sense that they are to the people who look at them? Furthermore, did Alain, in whose eyes technical skill is so important, ignore the fact that Racine worked out each scene in detail and did not begin to write his verses until he had his plan all made. 'My tragedy,' he said, 'is finished; I have nothing to do now but write it.' It is true that Gautier boasted of never knowing what he was going to say in his articles before he started writing, but these were theatrical notices, and he had his material in his head to start with. Alain is an even more violent advocate than Brune-

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tière or Boileau of the idea that each art is quite different from every other art. The technique of different arts, of course, is not the same, but with various means of expression they express the same human depths of feeling. Hence one is able to translate one form of art into another, to make a poem into a picture, or vice versa, or to unite different arts in a single synthesis, as Wagner wanted to do.

On the subject of poetry Alain is more lost than on any other. He conceives of it only as a form of eloquence, and understands it only as a kind of public performance. He thinks it is greatly inferior to prose, which in his mind is the latest arrival of all the arts. This is not so: Herodotus was flourishing while the art of music was in its infancy; and Plato has never been surpassed, perhaps never equaled. One of the chief merits of prose consists in the fact that it 'excludes everything that does not pertain to poetry.' What a shame it would be if this were true! But the greatest prose writers from Plato on have all had something of the poet about them. This Alain does not care for any kind of music. His point of view is explained in his statement that the novel is prose at its best, and he confesses to be a great reader of novels. What a confession!

Even if it were true that prose was a late invention, that would not establish its superiority. I accord to music the privilege of being the Benjamin of the arts, the one that was developed and worked out after all the rest. This is an historical fact, and Hugo was not mistaken in saying that music dates from the sixteenth century. The greatest musicians are even nearer us, whereas the finest of all prose writers was born four hundred years before Christ. But neither chronology nor my admiration for Plato or for Mozart and Wagner will prevent me from thinking that poetry remains the finest of the arts in dignity, the most complete and the most noble of all, and that Plato, Mozart, and Wagner are only of value in so far as they express sentiments and ideas of a poetic nature. Yet Alain still maintains that prose is good only in so far as it is devoid of poetry. In his mind prose reaches its highest degree of beauty in administrative reports or passages of a practical nature, where there is certainly no poetry to be found. The truth is that prose, though originally designed for everyday use, has acquired an æsthetic value by assimilating some of the principles of poetry: it is like a country bumpkin dressed up in fine clothes. Pure prose such as Alain talks about can be defined only as an official report.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A New Version of the Nativity

FEW of the uncounted thousands who recall each year at Christmas the stories of the shepherds and the wise men, or few indeed who patronize their neighborhood church of a Sunday morning, can have any idea of the documentary foundation of the articles of their creed. The common man is at many removes from the researches of the scholar in any field, and most of all, perhaps, from the scholar's knowledge of the history and authenticity of Christian documents and manuscripts. The world has looked on the Christian story as complete, and has not expected new details to be divulged by neglected records of old libraries. This position is in no way weakened by an interesting discovery recently made in England of a new or enlarged version of the story of the Nativity, inasmuch as this new version does not belong among the canonical books and may more truly be considered as a contribution to the apocrypha.

Yet the manuscript containing the new version is interesting for the passages it adds to the familiar story, and as a suggestion to the layman of the sources from which the scholar obtains his knowledge of early Christian traditions and doctrines. The discovery is the work of Dr. M. R. James, Provost of Eton. Dr. James, as a member of the Cathedral Commission, visited Hereford and undertook to make a catalogue of the documents in the Cathedral library. As he was examining the manuscripts he came upon an untitled record, bound in with others on different subjects, which at once attracted his attention. He discovered it to be a sixth-century version of the Nativity story, and described it as 'a new piece of an old Gospel.' Dr. James believes that the manuscript is an additional part of the Gospel of Saint Peter, other fragments of which have been known to scholars before. A new character is introduced into the story by this Hereford manuscript — Simeon, a son of Joseph by his first wife. The Hereford story is chiefly interesting for the additions it makes to the familiar verses which children learn at their mother's knee. A conversation of the wise men with Joseph and with the new character Simeon is reported, and the wise men invite Joseph to a feast. He declines, saying that it would not be right for him to leave the Child's mother. Not only do the wise men converse with Joseph, but their costumes are described in a way which corresponds with early sculptures and mosaics: 'For their raiment was exceedingly ample, and the color of their bodies dark; also they had on their heads caps, and on their feet buskins made of durable stuff.'

The birth of the Saviour is said to have taken place in a cave, and Joseph is supposed to have proclaimed the news in the market place of the city. The story told by the shepherds and their account of the words of the angels are also given in greater detail, but to the same purport.

The manuscript is also interesting theologically, as it seems to accept the Docetic heresy, which says that the Christ Child was not a human organism but an appearance. Since the discovery at Hereford, Dr. James has found two similar versions, one in the British

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Museum and another in an Irish manuscript, both said to be better than the Hereford discovery.

Canon Gore remarks that the Hereford document must be placed among the apocrypha, and has no importance as an historical source for the facts of Christ's birth, as it is of much later date than the canonical books. He agrees with Dr. James, that the newly discovered manuscript is another fragment of the Gospel of Saint Peter, parts of which have already been known.

Civilizing the English Lakes

Of all the far-famed English countryside, no district is more famous than the Lakes, where some of the most illustrious writers in English literature have sojourned. Indeed, it is questionable if the Lakes do not rank in the tourist's programme with the Tower of London and the Cheshire Cheese. Those who have traveled in this rainy but amiable region, or those who know its associations through Wordsworth and the other 'Lake poets,' will therefore be interested in the letters addressed to the English papers protesting against the despoiling of the natural beauties of Windermere and Ullswater.

Wordsworth's bitter resentment of the railroad to Windermere does not seem to have been recalled by the correspondents who have been objecting to the introduction of high-powered motor boats on the waters of the Lakes — perhaps because it has been for so long a lost cause. But others may remember it, and may wonder if contemporary lovers of nature in its virginal state will have any better success. Late in September of this year two powerful hydroplanes, one of which holds the Duke of York's International Trophy for hydroplane motor boats, paid a visit to the Windermere Regatta. The resulting bombardment of noise brought forth what journalists would describe as a storm of protest from residents about the lake. Doctors and nurses reported that acute suffering had been caused to their patients; and others, whose æsthetic sensibilities alone were offended, were not less sharp in their resentment. Their plea was that the noise of the motor boats destroyed the peacefulness and far-reaching quiet which were exactly what made Windermere a haven for the people who visited it or lived about its shores. A petition was presented to the Windermere Urban Council against the proposed holding of next year's race for the Duke of York's Trophy on the lake. Those interested in the race, on the contrary, ridiculed the petition, declared that Windermere was changing, that it yearly attracted thousands of people where formerly it had drawn but a few, that motor-boat racing was a source of great enjoyment to many people, and that the race for the Duke of York's Trophy would make Windermere a centre for this enjoyment. It remains to be seen whether silence and peace or sport and noise will win the victory in the discussion, and whether the lovers of the pastoral tradition can succeed in averting the threatened cacophony of next summer.

Not the sound of gasoline explosions, but that of the woodman's axe, is the danger to Ullswater. The wooded slopes of Glenridding have been marked for building sites, and it is feared that all too soon the great trees will come tumbling down and leave the wild hillsides denuded and raw. At other places on the shore of the lake oaks, larches, and pines have also been designated for destruction, and a number of correspondents to the *Manchester Guardian* have suggested that some means be found to prevent this forcible ruin of Ullswater's forests. Some time ago the National Trusts declined the offer of

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some of these woodlands, but one correspondent believes that the offer is not yet finally closed and that a public subscription would quickly realize the funds wherewith to meet it. The cry of 'Woodman, spare that tree!' advancing civilization has made a too familiar, and too often a losing, cry. Foreign visitors to Ullswater, however, as well as those who live more intimately with its beauty, will be concerned in the disposition finally made of its noble adornment of trees.

Up from Atheism

ONE achievement at least can be set down to the credit of Soviet Russia — it has raised atheism from the lowest form of political abuse into a respectable intellectual movement. Several years ago the anti-Christians of Moscow launched a revolting weekly paper entitled *Bezbozhnik* — 'The Godless,' in other words. Experience slowly taught them that scurvy caricatures and scurrilous articles did not shake the faith of religious believers. The basis of Russian atheist propaganda is that religion only seems good and true because the capitalists have tried their utmost to make it so. Now, however, the powers of darkness are realizing that this text must not be preached too violently. A recent article entitled 'Natural Science and Antireligious Propaganda' gives this advice to atheist agitators: —

'Many believe that it is enough to explain to the faithful that religion is a pack of lies, and to give them a picture of the truth, to blast their superstitions. This opinion is a mistake. Mighty religious organizations, led on by the capitalists and the bourgeoisie, control wide sections of the population systematically, stuff them with a slave psychology, disorganize them, and weaken their will to fight. . . .

'First of all, religion appeals to the senses, lulling the reason to inactivity with beautiful imagery and soap-bubble illusions. The religious cult is a great system which moulds the working masses to its heart's desire by gorgeous ceremonies, intricate ritual, and appealing sermons. We should be naïve to hope to demolish this huge superstructure with a couple of lectures on natural science and contradictory Biblical legends.

'That the teaching of natural science is not a sufficient weapon is demonstrated by the fact that a majority of scientists in capitalist America are themselves believers in God. . . . In the Dayton trial we were less interested in the reactionaries who fell upon the poor teacher than in the "liberal" professors who defended him. One of them declared under oath that he had studied zoölogy at home and abroad for forty-three years and that he was an evolutionist. At the same time he confessed to being a faithful son of the Church, having taught Bible classes for three years. . . .

'The bourgeois professors are not loath to oppose superstitions. They deny the truth of Bible legends. Some deny that Christ was a real person. Some of them even deny a personal God. But while they throw superfluous ballast overboard, they keep intact, and even purified, the slavish moral essence of religion, which teaches them to live in peace with the rich and to turn the other cheek.

'A scientific approach is therefore insufficient. We must lead the masses toward materialism by helping them to discard all the superfluous survivals of a religious world outlook, and thus destroy idealism for good and all.'

Stations of the Cross for a Lepers' Chapel

THE priest in charge of the Roman Catholic church in the colony of lepers

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at Westkoppies near Pretoria in South Africa recently had the thought of inviting British artists to contribute a series of paintings of the Stations of the Cross to decorate the lepers' chapel. Mr. Frank Brangwyn was the first to whom appeal was made, and his proposal to paint the entire series was received with great pleasure. The priest in charge of the church received and unpacked the paintings, and was startled to see the way in which the artist had chosen to execute his theme. The figures of the paintings are all in contemporary costume instead of appearing in the idealized robes which he had expected. Christ carrying the cross is described as a man with a lean and ugly face, blonde, short-haired, and without a beard. Workmen stand by with rough, open shirts and grimy faces, and behind come a pair of soldiers, disheveled and jeering, with the trench helmets of the World War over their ears. It was pointed out that Mr. Brangwyn had merely run true to well-established traditions in painting his figures in contemporary costume — traditions of the Renaissance and of Rembrandt, and indeed of some artists of our own day. With this view the priest of the lepers' church immediately concurred, and the Stations of the Cross were set in their places in the chapel.

A Gaelic University

In 1924 Mr. Angus Robertson, president of the Highland Association, spoke in New York of the need for a Gaelic university. The American Iona Society was formed and chartered in New York State for the purpose of making such a university possible. It is now announced that the plans are on the verge of completion and that a great college costing two millions in buildings and endowments is to be founded somewhere in the Highlands. Twenty-two professorships have been provided for, and it is expected to accommodate five hundred students, both men and women, drawn from the large proportion of the Scottish population who speak both Gaelic and English. The college is to be nonsectarian as well as nonpolitical, and, if the scheme to acquire an estate of ten thousand acres of farm land can be carried out, will have immense facilities for the teaching of agriculture. Practical agricultural experiments are to be made and tuition given to the students. It is planned to make it possible for any ambitious youth to be educated at the college, however he may lack for funds. The work of certain of the students will be so designed as to earn their instruction and support while they are in residence, so that as far as possible the barrier which poverty so often offers to education will be leveled.

'I Weep for You,' the Walrus Said

Japanese business men outdo the crocodile in his tears and the walrus in his lachrymose sympathy. We learn that a monument in the form of a tower containing ten thousand pearls, in the centre of a public park which is being laid out in front of the Imperial shrine at Ise, is being erected by the firm of Mikimoto, famous dealers in pearls. This monument is to commemorate the souls of the oysters which have been sacrificed for the profits of the company.

But surprising as this may seem, the event is hardly unique. It appears that Japanese firms are in the habit of venerating organic life of any sort which must be sacrificed for their profit. In Tokyo some months ago prominent Japanese ivory-carvers met in solemn assembly to commemorate the thousands of elephants slain to provide ivory

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for their labors. More remarkable still, something like a Mass was held by geisha girls for the souls of the cats who, no doubt against their natural inclinations, provided the materials for the strings of the samisen, the Japanese musical instrument with which the singing girls provide part of their entertainment. Perhaps the most extreme instance of this curious form of condolence was the acknowledgment made by makers of woodcuts, who use blocks of cherry-tree wood for making their colored prints. Their ceremony expressed regret that bitter necessity compelled them to destroy so many cherry trees yearly.

An Event in British Publishing

WHEN a great amalgamation is announced in the world of business, we expect, in this country at least, nothing short of an attempt at a congressional investigation. But an amalgamation of publishers is free from any suspicion of restraint of trade. An interesting combination in the British publishing world has recently been announced. This is the acquisition by Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., of the entire capital of Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Mr. Victor Gollancz, who is managing director of Ernest Benn, declares that the amalgamation is of the greatest importance, not merely because a large sum of money is involved, but because the firm of Ernest Benn acquires by it a truly remarkable list of books for any one house to carry. Beginning as a publishing house supplying technical books, the business of Ernest Benn expanded to include, first, books of art, modeled on the lines of the great Continental art publishers, and then books of general interest. It is the general branch of their book list which will be increased by the purchase of the business of T. Fisher Unwin, who have been well known for the number of important general books brought out under their imprint. The new firm will be run as one business from a common office, but two imprints will be maintained, certain books bearing the name of Ernest Benn, Ltd., and others that of T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. (Ernest Benn). Mr. Fisher Unwin and Mr. A. D. Marx, who has been general manager for the firm, will become members of the new united house.

Off with the Dance

VIENNA, like our own Boston, has banned the Charleston. The reasons, however, are somewhat different: the Austrian capital objects to the dance on æsthetic grounds; the Massachusetts metropolis merely forbids it as a menace to public safety. 'The Charleston is ugly,' says the *Manchester Guardian*, and that is why the sensitive Central European will have none of it. Its curious capers may be a zestful change from the monotony of the one-step and fox-trot, but that will not reconcile the Viennese to tolerating in their places of public amusement the spectacle of dancers who look like chickens scratching for worms. Yet until Europe can produce something lively of her own she will go on kicking up her heels like a Negro.

Another depressing piece of news to night-life enthusiasts is the decline of the London dance club. A West End restaurant manager hit the nail on the head when he said, 'A significant fact is that during the present season the Prince of Wales has paid hardly a single visit to a club.' Naturally where the Prince goes Society follows, and the sudden popularity of the private dance indicates, not only that the matrons of London must be feeling flush, but that they cannot be particular about who comes to their parties.

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More Slanguage

THE article in our issue of November 15 on the 'American Slanguage,' by an Irish contributor, called forth the following analysis of the etymology of the word 'boss' from an unsigned admirer in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Sir, —

In the *Living Age* of November 15 there is an interesting article from the *Irish Statesman* on the 'American Slanguage.' But on page 339 the writer shows that he does not understand the root of the word 'boss,' and many Americans do not either. It sounds rather impertinent, but it is in reality a term of respect; it comes direct from the Dutch word 'baas' (master). The early settlers of New Amsterdam (New York) were very politely addressed by their workmen and servants; these social inferiors always said 'baas' (master), instead of presuming to use the name of their master. When the English pushed out the Dutch, of course English became the universal language, but many old Dutch words were kept in use, but their pronunciation was altered by the English tongue. Thus 'baas' at once became 'boss.' Curiously enough, the same thing has happened to this word in South Africa, where England again pushed Holland aside.

Anti-Semitism in Budapest

ENTHUSIASTIC students at the University of Budapest have been carrying on a bitter campaign against Dr. Lewis Adam, recently appointed professor in the School of Medicine. Although one of the ablest surgeons in the country, he has never, because of his Jewish origin, been able to obtain a professorship. He has, however, experienced no difficulty in gaining the patronage of leading politicians and society people. Horthy's son and Count and Countess Bethlen had no scruples about letting him operate on them — in fact, he saved the Countess Bethlen's life. It was presumably in gratitude for this service that the Count was at last able to get Dr. Adam a chair in the University. But he reckoned without the students, who held a demonstration in front of the Doctor's house and smashed the name plate on the door.

Spanish Best-Sellers

THE Madrid *Heraldo* recently conducted a vote on the question, 'Who is the most popular Spanish author?' with the result that the following writers were endorsed in the following order: Blasco Ibáñez, Azorin, Pio Baroja, Palacia Valdés, Jusua, Coucha Espina, E. Zamacoïs, Ricardo Leon, and Gomez de la Serna. The three poets who led in the voting on their ground were Antonio Machado, Ramon Timenez, and Eurique de la Mesa.

Dostoevskii's Son

THE fate of a prominent individual emerges with special force from the inconceivable disasters which in recent years have affected whole populations. It is so with Theodore Dostoevskii, son of the great Russian novelist, whose death is recorded in the *Morning Post*. It is said that he 'died recently in Moscow as the result of exhaustion caused by insufficient nourishment.'

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

FROM a distant subscriber, the first white man to explore certain portions of the remote borderland between Tibet and China, comes this interesting message: 'The Ngoloks were mad over the *Living Age*. They of course had never seen a book or pamphlet of any kind, and they quarreled over the individual pages. Also the Tebbus seemed to take to the *Living Age*. I believe in advertising, but I fear that there is no likelihood of the Ngoloks or the Tebbus subscribing for it. In that respect I am a poor agent, for the society I associate with, or rather move in, at present is anything but literate.'

* * *

If any part of British North America ever draws away from the Empire, — which Heaven forbid! — the last part to go, if it ever goes, will be Newfoundland.

— *Honorable A. B. Morine, K. C.*

* * *

There are only half a dozen hymns I can sing with any kind of reality at all.

— *The Archbishop of York*

* * *

A person who is happy only when other people make him so strikes me as a rather miserable specimen of the human race.

— *Principal L. P. Jacks*

* * *

The day of the long strike is over. If you cannot win in three weeks, you cannot win in three months. I want you to face the facts, learn by the experience of the past.

— *A. J. Cook*, December 13, 1924

* * *

The only time the Socialists ask for the right to work is when work is not available.

— *Sir Robert Horne*

* * *

'Prince of Wales Dancing-master.' Such is the inscription that startled Englishmen on the Grands Boulevards can read on a brightly colored advertisement representing a person dancing a wild Charleston. Look at what the high cost of living has done to the inheritor of the throne! But English people who know French regain their serenity on reading the French translation of the English text. They perceive that the lesson is given by the dancing master of the Prince of Wales. In the English inscription there is no apostrophe *s* after the word 'Wales.' Would not the author have done better to put it in French only? — *L'Opinion*

* * *

India is not a lost Dominion; India has a great future under British rule.

— *Maharajah of Burdwan*

* * *

British aircraft have flown five million miles since the war, with only four accidents resulting in deaths to passengers.

— *Sir Samuel Hoare, M. P.*

* * *

I am one of the few politicians in any Party who do not presume to tell farmers how to manage their business. — *Chancellor of the Exchequer*

* * *

Nationalism might, perhaps, be defined as aggressive patriotism. — *Lord Cecil of Chelwood*

* * *

A bishop would be more angry if you told him he was not a gentleman than if you told him he was not a Christian. — *Dean Inge*

* * *

A Parisian jeweler has made a blouse of heavy gold mesh for a young American lady and for the bourgeois newspapers to admire. Her arms and torso are clothed shamelessly in gold, while men, women, and children can hardly live. What a symbol of a society based on gold earned from the misery of others. — *L'Humanité*

* * *

The first trouble about a schoolmaster's writing is not, as Lord Beaverbrook suggested, that he will preach, but that he will try to make jokes. Those terrible jokes! Like the soggy toast under a badly poached egg, a thing one swallows unawares, but which will neither come up nor go down once it is fairly in the throat. Who does not know those grotesque and frightful attempts at humor that are born untimely in the pedagogic mind? — *Outlook*

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BOOKS ABROAD

H. R. H.: A Character Sketch of the Prince of Wales, by Major F. E. Verney. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1926. 20*s.*

[*The Morning Post*]

THE author of this psychological study, who has all the facts at his command and a vast deal of intimate information, lays stress on the difficulties and disabilities of one who had no chance of choosing his profession. Others, be they sons of statesmen, soldiers, dustmen, clerks, or peers, have no need to adopt a calling until some special aptitude or preference has disclosed itself. The Prince of Wales, on the contrary, was born into his vocation, and the plan of his intensive training for it was settled before he had got as far as the schoolroom and a governess. Fortunately there was no Baron Stockmar to make this plan a form of un-English servitude, and he has always been allowed a measure of freedom for the expression of personality. That is why we rejoice in a natural, human Prince to act as the King's deputy, instead of being oppressed by a synthetic product, a species of royal Robot.

Major Verney tells us all about his early training, showing how he conformed to the customs of free fraternities, while at the same time conscientiously remembering his larger duties and responsibilities. He makes good use of anecdotes of the kind which Plutarch gave in his *Lives* to illustrate points of character. As a naval cadet at Osborne, he obeyed the ruthless dictator of 'Fork in the beam' and 'Dogs of war,' earning the nickname which is a proof of the right kind of popularity. One of his companions summed up his career there as follows: 'There was a certain amount of "jaw" about his arrival, and he got the weather eye for a bit, but there was no nonsense about "the Sardine," he was just like everybody else.'

At Oxford he began by being the usual 'Fresher,' living at Magdalen like any other member of that joyous society, hunting and playing 'soccer' and talking with anybody and everybody, and attending or cutting lectures like the average man. If he played his 'comic' instruments to the discomfort of neighbors who were trying to read behind a sported oak, they would retaliate in the customary fashion. On one occasion half a dozen men assembled underneath his window and began a symphony of protest played on tin whistles, banjos, and saucepans — until the Prince set his bagpipes blaring in full blast and routed the performers! A good story is that of his surprise visit to a friend's rooms, where a red-hot Socialist who had been a nail-maker at the age of eight, and at thirty-three had worked his way to Oxford, was brooding aloof and alone over his cosmical grievances. To dispel the sense of awkwardness the Prince took a glass of beer and began to sing the 'Red Flag,' accompanying himself on his banjo. When the Prince had gone, the Socialist shed his class-consciousness and proposed a toast — 'The Prince of Wales, God bless him!'

As an envoy of Empire he has been an unqualified success, thanks largely to the fact that his ineradicable interest in human nature has made him a 'good mixer' without any trace of the *faux bonhomme*. Always in hard condition, bright as a star, the hard work and still harder play of the Britains beyond the seas have always been well within his physical powers. He cheerfully undertook the job of shaking hands with everybody in a four-figure crowd, beating every White House record at the cost of playing golf badly next day. The humor which is dramatic because it arises naturally out of the occasion is one of his best assets. Thus, when he talked with an old-fashioned Dutch farmer in South Africa and was told the number of his children, his reply infinitely delighted his audience: 'Thirteen! That 's supposed to be a very unlucky number. You 'd better do something about this before we meet again!' Major Verney has written a human book, without any strangulation effects of the Court Circular idea, concerning a very human personage, whose spacious soul in small compass is one of the biggest things in our world-wide Commonwealth.

Before the Bombardment, by Osbert Sitwell. London: Duckworth, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

THE bombardment mentioned in the title was that German attack from the sea on the Yorkshire coast, in the early days of the war, that not only killed the old lady in her bed, but smashed to smithereens, in the author's opinion, the last remaining fragments of the nineteenth century. For Mr. Sitwell, who has all the modern historian's distrust of dates, asserts that the nineteenth century lasted well into the twentieth. He claims

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to have seen it — like winter lingering in the lap of May — not so many years ago, wandering like a lost wraith that has been banished from the busy scenes of men, haunting, during the winter, those melancholy seaside resorts which the builder and the developer have made wildernesses and called queens of watering places. As the symbol of that lost nineteenth century he has taken what he considers the typical Victorian relationship — that of the elderly lady and the paid companion. And yet this relationship in different forms must have had a long, respectable history. Perhaps it is too fanciful to see in the Leader of the Chorus in Greek tragedy the germ of this idea, but one feels sure that mediæval castles were full of companions. In Spain and Italy flourished the duenna, while the 'confidant' was a well-established eighteenth-century institution who would be stark mad in white linen while her patron was stark mad in white satin.

In any case one may admit that the art or science of paid companionship reached a degree of perfection in the nineteenth century that it probably never had before. There has been, of course, a surprising revival of interest in the baroque in decoration, and now Mr. Sitwell has turned his attention to what one may call the baroque in behavior. He describes with mordant wit and a wealth of detail the techinque of the relationship between companioned and companion. But though one would not deny that the lot of the companion was wont to be a thorny one, we think he has not shown enough sympathy to the employer, for in the matter of pin-pricks, petty mental tyrannies, and the art of 'rubbing it in' the companion was often quite as adept as her employer. Sometimes, at least, the companioned was very much in the position of that luckless 'Aunt in Yucatan, that bought a python from a man,' with disastrous results.

Though treated with wit and epigram and all the smartness that the twentieth century is capable of, there is in *Before the Bombardment* more material to make the flesh creep than in the most lurid detective drama.

A Man Could Stand Up, by Ford Madox Ford. London: Duckworth; New York: A. and C. Boni, 1926. $2.00.

[*Morning Post*]

Mr. Ford Madox Ford's (Ford Madox Hueffer) third book of the series that includes *Some Do Not* and *No More Parades* is a considerable *tour de force*. It is very difficult to read owing to the tortuous English that he finds it necessary to use. Mercifully it is not all quite as distracted as the first part (where the solecism of 'had used to have' comes as an unpleasant shock), though this very distraction reflects the mentality of his two chief characters as no more flowing and rhythmic prose could. These two — a girl, mistress in a school, and an officer in the trenches — are shown with their reactions to the weariness and boredom of the war; and their ultimate reunion as lovers on Armistice Day. The sustained nervous tension of *A Man Could Stand Up* reproduces with discomforting fidelity the mind of an average well-educated Englishman whose job, and its dull routine, alone served to keep him linked to some kind of sanity in the mud and filth of the trenches. The long irruptions of irrelevant thought occurring between the sentences of a conversation, or in the midst of the business of war, become curiously more vital than the actual happenings. There is a feeling almost of indecency thus to assist at the revelation of the workings of a mind under prolonged stress; when the ordinary avocations of the body are directed automatically, and fear, not cowardice, dominates the conscious mind and drives thought in circles; when tortured nerves no longer react normally to any stimulus. It is a terrible book, and the picture is an indictment of war dire and compelling.

The Fire of Life, by Harold Spender. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1926. 15*s*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Not the fire of life, but rather its jolly and serviceable bustle, is what one naturally thinks of in connection with Harold Spender and his forty years of incessant activity in London as journalist and unofficial diplomatist. Born in Bath of a writing family, he went from Oxford to Fleet Street in 1887, was associated in turn with most of the Liberal journals, left the *Daily Chronicle* along with Massingham over the Boer War, was in and out of the Press Gallery from the days of Gladstonian Home Rule to the days of the Black-and-Tans, worked with the Toynbee Hall pioneers in Whitechapel, espoused with equal fervor the cause of Greece and the cause of Mr. Lloyd George, and, whatever his major interest at the moment, was never quite so happy as when he was playing a part in the great game behind the scenes, throwing himself into it with his abounding vitality and good nature and boyishly enjoying the advantages which brought him into contact with public men of almost every kind. He died at sixty-two, — though the fact is not mentioned in this book, — in the spring of this year.

Harold Spender's memories are like himself — lively, slapdash, full of personal and political gossip. He is freshest when moving among the men and events of the nineties, and decidedly most informing when dealing with the inside story of the Lloyd George Budget and the

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Parliament Act, when recalling the men among whom he worked in the nineties and the scenes in Westminster and elsewhere with the Late Victorians still filling the air and the picture. There was a perfectly candid swagger in Harold Spender which delighted all his friends. It was something of a snare to him when writing his reminiscences, leading him at times to rival Mr. Wickham Steed himself in suggesting the wonder-working power of the journalistic go-between, though Spender, to do him justice, avowed his thorough dislike of the rôle in certain circumstances. In all relations alike his generous, impulsive, uncalculating spirit came out, and it could not be other in this familiar record. The many errors should have been corrected. Harold Spender wrote from memory, and did not live to revise his manuscript. He had, among other journalistic faults, an infirmity in the matter of dates.

The Death of Ivan the Terrible, by Alexis K. Tolstoy. Translated by Alfred Hayes. London: Kegan Paul and Company, 1926. *5s.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THIS is the second play of Alexis Tolstoy's trilogy on the Czars of Moscow to come from Mr. Hayes in verse translation, though it is the first in chronological order. If Mr. Hayes began with *Czar Feódor Ióannovitch* because it is the finest of the three, in structure, in situation, in characterization, and in psychological subtlety, there was all the more need for translational treatment to do its best for the other two. With *Ivan the Terrible* that is not what has happened. The play has a stage reputation only lower than that of *Feódor*; and it is pretty clear, even from this version, how effective the equally important parts of Ivan and Borís Godounóv and their principal scenes could be in the theatre. But Mr. Hayes has chosen for his medium the drama that is poetic; and it must be candidly said that he has failed to justify his choice. His blank verse was not exactly inspired in *Feódor*; but here it is pedestrian in the extreme. M. Nabokoff, who wrote the prefaces to both translations, fantastically placed the first 'on the same supreme level of inspiration as Pushkin.' He has been more cautious with the second, content to say of it: 'As a Russian, I am not qualified to gauge the literary merits of the English version.' The truth, of course, is that Tolstoy the poet and Tolstoy the dramatist were sharply divisible, and that, distinguished as he was as either, in Russian literature he will abide as the singer of dramatic lyrics like 'St. John of Damascus' and of pure lyrics like 'It was in early, early spring.' In the Russian theatre his trilogy will doubtless remain a classic; but to live at all on the English stage it must be in a different translation from this of *Ivan the Terrible*.

The Close Chaplet, by Laura Gottschalk. London: Hogarth Press, 1926. *5s.*

Time and Chance, by Mary Stella Edwards. Preface by Professor Gilbert Murray. London: Hogarth Press, 1926. *2s. 6d.*

April Morning, by Stanley Snaith. London: Hogarth Press, 1926. *2s. 6d.*

The Eel, and Other Poems, by Evan Morgan. Foreword by Alfred Noyes. London: Kegan Paul, 1926. *5s.*

Exalt the Eglantine, and Other Poems, by Sacheverell Sitwell. Illustrated by Thomas Lowinsky. London: The Fleuron, 1926. *21s.*

Marigold: An Idyll of the Sea, by W. J. Turner London: The Fleuron, 1926. *15s.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

WHEN a nest of singing birds expands into a whole woodland, individual voices rarely get a fair hearing. Most of the poets in this list, for instance, might claim a larger critical courtesy than can be extended in tabloid form. It would be instructive to analyze at length one's blank incomprehension at many of Miss Gottschalk's verses. True, she gives us fair warning (in a shapely stanza, just to show, no doubt, how easily she can do that sort of thing): —

> Reject me not, then, if I have begun
> Unwontedly, or if I seem to shun
> The close and well-tilled ground:
> For in untraveled soil alone can I
> Unearth the gem or let the mystery lie
> That never must be found.

Clear images are the lines of communication of metaphysical poetry, which is Miss Gottschalk's bent. But she is so grim an explorer that she seldom bothers to preserve her lines of communication, and so we get the mystery much oftener than the gem. It is a pity that Miss Gottschalk, whose thought and feeling are obviously original, is content to write a kind of spiritual shorthand, for when she gives her eye its chance, as in a striking geography of her head, she can write like this (of her forehead): —

> This is the desert space of my face,
> Wide and lonely and impassible
> Except when a shadow of sorrow
> Darts across it furtively like a hunted deer
> And hides in the hair
> And turns it gray.

Miss Edwards, on the contrary, is a sweet and thorough stay-at-home. There is not a subject or a word in her book of beautifully wrought verses which has not the sanction of immemorial usage. She runs the risk of tinkling like the

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musical box of magazine poetry, but one who commands such unusual melody as this need never tinkle: —

I know the place, a tree lying
Fallen across the pool,
And the little patch of grass drying
Where you left your milking stool,
And I found you in the dark crying
And kissed you like a fool.

Several times she proves the ancient theorem that one's chance of making a good new poem out of an old scene is entirely independent of the number of poets who have stood in one's place before. Yet Miss Edwards might be well advised to try following — a little way — Miss Gottschalk's retreating footsteps.

Mr. Snaith occupies a middle position. He thinks, he feels, and he explores. He also takes the elementary precaution of being certain that there is some poetic soil, whether close-tilled or untraveled, beneath his feet before he begins to work it. His is a little book, but there is not a worthless poem in it. 'Fallen Tree,' for instance, has a beautiful economy: —

Our tree no longer stands
Vibrant with low tones pulled from the passing air:
Slain is to-morrow's music in boughs that were
Both harp and hands.

There is a religious poet in Mr. Evan Morgan, but at present he is too content to amble rather slackly into verse and wait for passion to hurry him on. Thus his work is very unequal, but it has the promise of an incalculable power which, fully massed in this book only in its title poem, is all the more striking. 'The Eel' is too long to quote, but 'My Bed' is almost perfect in form and feeling: —

When I look upon my bed
Railed at the foot and head,
See sheet and pillow, and the simple line,
My will is humbled to the Will Divine.
There, at some future hour,
Subservient to His Power,
What was my body shall in Death recline,
What is my soul I shall to Him resign.

It is sad to find Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell and Mr. Turner abandoning so early the rigors of the five-shilling poetry market and getting themselves translated in limited and very expensive quantities to another place. The most impressive thing about both these books is their price. We turn a very large, very thick, very pink cover, and come to twenty-five of Mr. Sitwell's short poems, in which he again exhibits the astonishing range and intensity of his famous eye. Each poem is a series of pictures, passionately seen, and drawn with mastery, but apparently discrete: —

Fire mountains that in one night
Broke the iron shadow of the cactus plain
And towered their cups of flame into the skies' white sails,
Bow your cockscomb fires to this:
This galleon in blue amber of the water-depths
That sank in one leaden hour, and lives forever
Fixed in an hourglass that is cloyed with time.

If Miss Gottschalk and Mr. Sitwell could be joined in poetry, what a poet that would be!

Mr. Turner's idyll contains two themes: (*a*) a wonderful advertising stunt between Horace Gee, Esquire (Mayor of Neptuneville, a humming seaside resort), and the sea-god himself, now, in Mr. Turner's opinion, much decayed; and (*b*) the loves of Marigold, daughter of a family who went grumbling to Bognor every summer for a fortnight, and the Spanish Sailor, who was doing a little gun-running for the Moors in the Rif campaign. There is also an Ancient Mariner with philosophy. This sounds silly, but the poem is full of isolated felicities most diversely assorted, and Mr. Turner very nearly makes a strange sense of it.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

ALAIN. *Système des beaux-arts.* New edition. Paris: Gallimard (editions of the Nouvelle Revue Française), 1926.

ALAIN. *Propos sur le christianisme.* Paris: Rieder, 1926.

ALAIN. *Propos sur le bonheur.* Nîmes: Jo Fabre, 1926. (Cahiers du Capicorne)

HUXLEY, ALDOUS. *Jesting Pilate: The Diary of a Journey.* London: Chatto and Windus; New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $3.50.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Turgenev, by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. New York: Century Company, 1926. $4.00.

THERE is something profoundly irritating about Turgenev, and the author of this excellent biography does not allow his admiration for his subject to gloss over that aspect of the great Russian novelist which nearly drove Dostoevskii out of his mind. Beginning with Turgenev's earliest youth, Dr. Yarmolinsky faithfully records every step of his career. He gives a complete picture of the effete surroundings in which the novelist was raised, and follows him on his futile travels the length and breadth of Europe. The book is not, thank heaven, a sample of the 'new biography.' Doubtless Turgenev would lend himself to the shrewd offices of a Strachey, but to most of us he is little more than a name, and we need a thorough study of his character and surroundings before we can pass final judgment on him. To all who are interested in the connections between the literatures of Russia and Europe in the nineteenth century, this book can be warmly recommended.

The Red and the Black, by Stendhal. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. 2 vols. $5.00.

'THE tyranny of public opinion — and what an opinion! — is as fatuous in the small towns of France as it is in the United States of America.' The truth of that part of the remark which applies to us, discovered recently by our contemporary writers, has driven them to frenzied outbursts differing chiefly in degree of coherency. Stendhal states the fact quietly as a necessary part of the background of his novel. One who is so crass in his egoism as to consult his own conscience in opposition to that of the world will certainly be a queer stick, and will likely come to no good end. This was the undoing of Julien Sorel. For a time his behavior could be interpreted as daring but properly mindful of the main chance. Even after he had ran amuck, a humble coöperation with the powers that were would have saved him. He preferred to flout them. This is martyrdom when the cause is considered worthy of the sacrifice. Otherwise it is damned foolishness.

The intelligence and memory of faithful readers of the *Living Age* make it useless to repeat here the inadequate words of praise of Stendhal which may be found in our review of the translation of *The Charter House of Parma*. And however great as a stylist, he offers so much more of substance that no tears need be shed over the inevitable loss by translation, which Mr. Moncrieff has reduced to a minimum. Now that the young are permitted to read even the best that literature has to offer, they should be encouraged to supplement Michael Arlen with a little Stendhal. The difference is as great as the old-fashioned distinction between right and wrong.

Mother Dear, by V. Poliakoff (Augur). New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1926. $3.50.

'THE Empress Marie and Her Times' is the subtitle of this book on the last surviving tsaritza of the Romanoff dynasty, who has been living in her native Denmark since the death of her sister Queen Alexandra of Great Britain. The difficulties of a sympathetic biographer in a case like this are easy to understand, but they do not add to the value of the work. The Russian *Matushka* (Dear Mother) has been applied by the people, with varying degrees of warmth, but with few exceptions, to every tsaritza. Consequently the intimation that this name was bestowed upon Marie Feodorovna in token of exceptional popularity gives a misleading impression. The author is right in saying that all intimacy between the Throne and the people of Russia was severed by the murder of Alexander II. This applies perfectly to Marie Feodorovna. Before that tragic event she had been for fifteen years a most popular and accessible Crown Princess — after it she was as distant and nominal a 'Mother Dear' as could be imagined. Long ago she was known as a woman of charming personal qualities and peaceful disposition, and later one heard of her efforts to save her son, Nicholas II, from his wife's morbid influence. But as to any positive benefits that she bestowed on the people, records are scarce. In contrast to the author's high praise of the 'Empress Marie' institutions, this reviewer, who happens to have had an intimate glimpse of one of the foremost of them, remembers it as a most hopelessly bureaucratic place, where the Empress Dowager was seen but once a year on a short official call. But as an entertaining, short, and impartial description of Russian conditions for nearly three quarters of a century, this book is to be recommended.

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I Have This to Say, by Violet Hunt. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. $3.50.

SINCE Miss Hunt has chosen to treat herself frankly, the reviewer must follow suit, and rudely describe this book as the partial autobiography of a neurotic middle-class Englishwoman whose talent for sympathy put her in a position to know a number of interesting people. She runs on in this vein: 'My head, with or without the hat, is not, though bowed, bloody, to quote the poet Henley's touching vaunt.' For the most part, what Miss Hunt has to say concerns the activities of herself, H. G. Wells, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, W. H. Hudson, D. H. Lawrence, and Rebecca West between the years 1908 and 1916. The fact that her relations with Ford Madox Ford — or Hueffer, as he was once called — led to legal difficulties with the gentleman's wife is not so important to most readers as it is to the author herself. Miss Hunt's 'Story of My Flurried Years' stands or falls on how engrossingly she has been able to write about a period in her career full of emotional interest. To criticize it is not to criticize a book, but a person. Hence there will undoubtedly be many readers who will cotton to this wistful, sincere, outspoken lady. Others will judge her too scatterbrained, and lacking in that sense of proportion on which a true sense of humor also depends.

Juárez and Maximilian, by Franz Werfel. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1926. $1.75.
The Captive, by Edouard Bourdet. New York: Brentano's, 1926. $2.00.

THESE are two of the most important translated plays that have appeared in New York this season, and in book form they retain not a little of their original power. This is especially true of Werfel's 'Dramatic History in Three Phases and Thirteen Pictures' depicting the collapse of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. Here was a paradoxical theme worthy of Shaw — a mistaken idealist-puppet defeated by his very virtues. The author, who is incidentally one of the coming young men of Central Europe, begins his story shortly before Maximilian was wheedled into signing the decree sentencing to death any rebel bearing arms. The play is rather jerky reading; too many characters make only the vaguest impression; but one does receive a definite picture of Maximilian — a figure so curious that less talented men than Werfel might make a real person out of him. But the play is not primarily a study of character; rather is it a study in contrast and revolution, of the incapacity of the Old World to cope with the New. The author has shown himself before a symbolistic poet of revolution, and if this play is neither so wild nor so turgid as *The Goat Song*, it is appreciably closer to Mother Earth.

The only thing in common between *The Captive* and *Juárez and Maximilian* is that the villain of neither piece appears on the scene. Werfel never introduces us to Juárez in person, and M. Bourdet achieves his horror effects through a third person. *The Captive* maintains some of the best and most characteristic traditions of the French stage. Squeamish readers and playgoers will not be prejudiced in favor of a drama dealing with the passion of one woman for another, but it cannot be denied that M. Bourdet has dealt skillfully with this rich material. His logic, economy, and intelligence remove the unpleasant atmosphere that a less practised hand could not eliminate and might even cultivate. But the drawback to his cold method is that he concentrates so intensely on his theme that the characters seem to have no existence or activities that do not spring directly from the central motive of the play. At all events, M. Bourdet has given us a lesson in dramatic technique that we shall remember.

The Whispering Gallery, by An Ex-Diplomat. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. $3.00.

UNTIL it is definitely known whether this book is the work of Sir Rennell Rodd, Will Rogers, or an imaginative newspaper man, it is idle to pass judgment on anything but its entertainment value. *The Whispering Gallery* contains a series of close-ups of many celebrities — military, political, literary, and royal. Sometimes they are cast in the form of dialogue, sometimes in monologue, occasionally in brief character-sketches. In spite of the author's wily assurance that here for the first time is the *real* Northcliffe, the *real* Kitchener, and so forth, he actually reveals few characteristics of these men with which we are not already familiar. He is at his best in the dialogues — the one between Edward VII and the ex-Kaiser and those in which Lord Balfour figures being the most amusing. The imagination or memory — whichever it is — of the author is aided by a lively and thoroughly indiscreet pen, which has written many passages we should dearly love to believe. Surely the man who wrote this book was privy to some intimate secrets of State; but when we think of the mistakes made by people who sign their writings, we cannot accept the anonymous as gospel.

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